

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XI. }

No. 1628. — August 21, 1875.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CX XVI.

CONTENTS.

I. BALLOONS AND VOYAGES IN THE AIR,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	451
II. A MONTH IN A JAPANESE FARMHOUSE,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	468
III. A CHAPTER OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY. By the Rev. Mark Patteson,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	481
IV. FATED TO BE FREE. By Jean Ingelow. Part XIII.,	<i>Good Words,</i>	488
V. PROF. CAIRNES,	<i>Athenæum,</i>	503
VI. ANIMAL LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS,	<i>Land and Water,</i>	507
VII. SCRUPLES,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	509
VIII. AN HYSTERICAL FAIR,	<i>All the Year Round,</i>	511

POETRY.

THE FAIRY SHELL,	450	THE HAPPY MAN,	450
MIGNONETTE,	450		
MISCELLANY,			512

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

THE FAIRY SHELL.

ONE day, when wandering on the shore
That once was ruled by Marinell,
I found within a clefted rock

A strangely twisted, curious shell
With spiral whorls of pearly white,
And hollows tinged with roseate light.

This shell possessed a wondrous power,
For, placed against the listener's ear,
He heard, though gentle, faint, and low,
The tones of those he held most dear ;
Though parted far by land or wave,
The faithful shell an echo gave.

"Oh, happy gift to man," said I ;
"More precious than the painter's art ;
How oft shalt thou, in distant climes,
Console the ever-faithful heart,
Bring back the cherished voice again,
And take from absence half its pain."

"Vain are thy thoughts," a nymph replied ;
"For those who own it will lament
That never, through its echoes faint,
Can tidings from the loved be sent :
The distant sound is only caught,
But never word or message brought.

"'Twill only waken yearnings vain ;
'Twill only pierce the heart anew,
And bring to mind with tenfold pain
The anguish of the last adieu.
When all is lost beyond recall,
'Tis better far a veil should fall."

She ceased. I turned, and threw the shell
Beneath the tossing, foaming tide ;
Too well can memory waken grief,
That man should seek for aught beside.
Love needs it not ; for love can last
When all the things of time are past.

Chambers' Journal.

MIGNONETTE.

WITHIN the sense of touch and sight,
They lie before me as I write,
These subtle-scented flowers ;
Their little tufts of golden green,
With flecks of ruddy brown between,
All wet with summer showers.

I saw them but an hour ago,
With sister bunches all a-row,
And rosebuds white and red ;
And dark carnations, spicy sweet,
Borne westward thro' the busy street,
Upon a flower-girl's head.

The sudden summer shower drew forth
From my one simple pennyworth,
The half-evanished bloom ;
The fading tufts grew green again,
And breathed, in answer to the rain,
A beautiful perfume.

How well their silent beauties grace
The dulness of this dingy place,
My lonely working-room !
I drop my pen this summer day,
And fancy bears me far away,
Where other posies bloom.

To garden borders thickly set
With pansy, lily, mignonette,
And all sweet flowers that blow ;
Where we two in the sunshine sit,
While butterflies around us flit,
And brown bees come and go.

The lark sings high, in heaven above,
Its thrilling strain of happy love,
While we sit still below ;
Each heart can feel the other beat,
But neither breaks the silence sweet,
With whispered "Yes" or "No."

Ah, me ! since then what months of pain ;
Ah, me ! what months of sun and rain
Must run, ere I can see
Another of those sunshine hours,
And hear among the summer flowers
How one remembers me.

But love is mine, how strong and true,
And hope springs green, dear flowers, as you.
I murmur not at fate ;
While for the greatest good of all,
For years, though shine or shadow fall,
I am content to wait.

All The Year Round.

THE HAPPY MAN.

A PARAPHRASE.

Two sapphires are thy two blue eyes
So lovely and so sweet ;
Thrice happy is the happy man
Whom lovingly they greet.

Thy heart, it is a diamond
That noble lightning throws ;
Thrice happy is the happy man
For whom it throbs and glows.

And rubies are thy crimson lips,
None lovelier might one reach ;
Thrice happy is the happy man
Who gets of them love-speech.

If I but knew the happy man,
And met that favoured one
Alone, alone in the green woods,
His happiness were done !

Tinsley's Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.
BALLOONS AND VOYAGES IN THE AIR.*

It is an interesting speculation whether man, the creature of the earth, can ever attain to the empire of the air, as he has already attained to the empire of the sea. There is nothing unreasonable in the expectation. As a matter of science the laws that govern the motion of heavy bodies in the atmosphere are sufficiently well known, and as a matter of experience and analogy nothing can be more to the purpose than the example of the birds. Hence there has long been a common belief that we may, some time, be able to transport ourselves at pleasure through the air as we now do on the water. The author of the "Botanic Garden," writing in 1791, when the steam-engine was beginning to develop its wondrous powers, but long before it had been applied to locomotion of any kind, uttered the well-known prediction —

Soon shall thy arm, UNCONQUERED STEAM,
afar

Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide-waving wings, expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air !

Two-thirds of the prophecy have been fulfilled ; he would be a bold man who would pronounce the fulfilment of the remainder impossible.

In aerial travelling there are two distinct conditions to be fulfilled. First, there must be a command of *vertical* motion ; the force of gravity must be for the time counteracted, and the heavy

body must have a capability of floating, or rising, or falling at pleasure. Secondly, there must, in addition to this, be a power of *horizontal* translation through the air.

Both these effects are well produced by a bird, through the mechanical action of its wings ; and hence the most natural attempt at aerial locomotion has been by trying to imitate the bird, or to *fly*. There is much to be said in favour of this attempt, for although there is little hope that a human being can ever take to himself wings, yet the possibility of constructing a flying-machine, if a very light motive power can be obtained, is hardly to be doubted. Hitherto, however, no attempts of this kind have given even a prospect of success ; and as our object now is rather to show what has been done than to speculate on what is possible, we will turn to another mode by which aerial locomotion has been more successfully aimed at, namely, by means of the *balloon*. We propose to trace the history of this ingenious invention — to describe its present condition — to dwell on some important purposes it has served — and finally to investigate what promise it offers of increased utility.

It is not clear when the idea first arose that it would be possible to make a body ascend from the earth by giving it a less specific gravity than the air. One Francis Lana,* in 1670, proposed to exhaust spheres of thin copper for this purpose, but he never attempted to carry out his proposal. The discovery of hydrogen rendered the idea more practicable. Cavendish, in 1766,† showed that the gas known as "inflammable air" had a specific gravity much less than that of the atmosphere ; and Dr. Black, lecturing in 1767 or 1768, explained that, as an obvious consequence of Cavendish's discovery, if a very light bladder were filled with this gas, it would ascend. Tiberius Cavallo attempted the experiment ; he could not find any envelope sufficiently light and impermeable, but he succeeded in

* 1. *Description des Expériences de la Machine Aérostatique de MM. de Montgolfier.* Par M. Faujas de St. Fond. Paris, 1783.

2. *Aeronautica.* By Monck Mason, Esq. London, 1838.

3. *Les Ballons et les Voyages Aériens.* Par F. Marion. Paris, 1867. (The same in an English edition.)

4. *Voyages Aériens.* Par T. Glaisher ; Camille Flammarion ; W. de Fonvielle ; et Gaston Tissandier. Illustrés d'après les croquis d'Albert Tissandier. Paris, 1870. (The same in an English edition, edited by T. Glaisher. London, 1871.)

5. *En Ballon, pendant le Siège de Paris.* Par Gaston Tissandier. Paris, 1871.

6. *Les Ballons dirigeables.* Par Gaston Tissandier. Paris, 1872.

7. *Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.* London, 1862 to 1866.

8. *Comptes-rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences.* Paris, 1870 and 1872.

* Prodromo, o saggio di alcune invenzioni nuove, etc. Brescia, 1670.

† Phil Trans. vol. lvi. p. 152.

blowing hydrogen soap-bubbles, which mounted vigorously aloft; and these, the first balloons, were described fully by him in a paper read before the Royal Society, 20th June, 1782.*

It was not, however, in this way that the balloon came practically into existence; its inventors proceeded on a different principle. Instead of using a new fluid lighter than air, they hit upon the idea of altering the density of the air itself by the action of heat. These ingenious men, Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, whose names are indissolubly connected with aerostation, were the sons of a rich paper-maker at Annonay, in the province of the Vivarais. It seems they were fond of physical investigations: Joseph particularly had studied the constitution of vapour and clouds, and he saw that temperature had much to do with these phenomena. He had convinced himself by experiment that the application of heat would rarefy air so as to reduce its specific gravity considerably, and it occurred to him to try whether, by enclosing such heated air in a suitable envelope, he could make a kind of *artificial cloud* which would float in the atmosphere. In November 1782, when staying at Avignon, he made the experiment with a light bag of thin silk, which to his great gratification rose to the ceiling.

On his return home, the brothers worked together; and after another successful trial they made a public exhibition of their invention, at a meeting of the *états particuliers* of the province, on the 5th of June, 1783. Etienne has left on record a description of this first large balloon; it was about thirty-five feet in diameter, and had a large ascending power; it rose some thousands of feet, and travelled a mile and a half horizontally.

The news of this experiment soon spread to the capital, exciting great wonder and enthusiasm, and the Academy named a commission to inquire into the facts. But in the mean time attention had become attracted to the other mode of

giving levity by hydrogen gas. A young man, named Charles, favourably known as a professor of physics in Paris, had been experimenting with this substance in his laboratory, and conceiving it to have advantages over Montgolfier's heated air, he proposed to substitute it in balloons. He called to his aid two practical mechanics, the brothers Robert, and constructed a silk balloon of twelve feet diameter. After some difficulty in procuring a sufficient quantity of gas (the manufacture of which, on any large scale, was quite new) it was filled, and transported to the Champ de Mars, where the ascent took place on the 27th of August, 1783.

After rising to a great height and travelling many miles, the expansion of the gas caused a small leak in the balloon, and it came down near a village. The inhabitants were frightened beyond measure, particularly when they were told by two monks that it must be some demon from another world. Formal religious exorcisms were recited, but no one dared approach the monster, for the bounds it gave when blown by the wind, the noise of the escaping gas, and its fetid odour, kept up the dread illusion. At length it was fired at, and further wounded, and when it had become empty and still, the mob rushed upon it with staves and forks and tore it to atoms.

The Montgolfiers, however, had not been idle. The Academy had reported favourably of their invention, and the brothers were called on to exhibit an ascent before Louis XVI. at Versailles. This came off with great pomp and ceremony on the 19th of September.

As the power of balloons had now been fully established, it was proposed that some person should make an ascent, if any one could be found bold enough to face a voyage that required more of the *as triplex* than the first expedition on the merciless ocean. A volunteer appeared in the person of a young man of good position, named Pilâtre de Rozier, who after making some tentative ascents with the balloon tied to the ground, offered to undertake the journey. It involved some danger: a fall, fire, cold, unknown perils

* The History and Practice of Aerostation. By Tiberius Cavallo, F.R.S. London, 1785.

amongst the clouds, and the difficulties of descending, were all matters of grave apprehension; and the king, after consideration, forbade M. de Rozier's ascent, and proposed, instead, that two condemned criminals should take their places in the car. Pilâtre was indignant at the idea of "such an honour being conferred on vile malefactors," and he remonstrated so energetically that the king gave way; and on the 21st of November,* 1783, the daring volunteer, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, left the earth on the first aerial voyage ever undertaken by a human being. A full account of the journey is on record in two documents — one a formal *procès-verbal*, drawn up by eight members of the Academy, the other a letter by the marquis. The balloon was seventy feet high, and forty-six feet in diameter; it rose to a height of three thousand feet, remained in the air nearly half an hour, and descended in the environs of Paris, without the aeronauts having experienced the slightest inconvenience. Among the signatures of the *procès-verbal* was that of Benjamin Franklin, then on a mission to France; and it is reported that when he was asked his opinion of the invention, he replied, "*C'est l'enfant qui vient de naître!*"

Thus the Montgolfiers not only made the first balloon, but, as was their due, they had the honour of sending up the first aeronaut. The genius and enterprise, however, of their rival, young Charles, soon made themselves apparent by his announcing a personal ascent on his hydrogen principle; and as this principle ultimately became established to the exclusion of the other, Charles's experiments possess the interest of being the more accurate type of our modern aeronautic system. Associating himself again with the Messrs. Robert, he prepared a balloon thirty feet diameter, introducing many important arrangements of detail, which, from their perfection of design and ingenuity of construction,

have remained almost unaltered to the present time. The balloon was to ascend on the 1st of December, 1783, from the great basin in front of the Tuileries, and Charles made up his mind to occupy the car; but, while the balloon was filling, it was announced that the king again opposed the proceeding. Charles went to the minister and protested, declaring that, though his sovereign might be master of his life, he was not master of his honour, and that he could not break a solemn promise made to the nation. The king yielded to this bold argument, and the prohibition was withdrawn. Shortly afterwards another difficulty arose by a hostile demonstration on the part of the Montgolfierists — for the public had split up into two rival factions, the partisans of heated air and gas respectively. Charles, seeing this, stepped up to Etienne Montgolfier, and presented him with a small pilot-balloon, saying, "*C'est à vous, Monsieur, qu'il appartient de nous montrer la route des cieux.*" The good taste and delicacy of this proceeding were testified to by shouts of applause, and the rivalry was at once at an end. The day was set apart as a great *fête*, and it was said that three-fourths of the inhabitants of Paris were present. Charles took with him the younger Robert, but dropped him near l'Île Adam, and reascended alone, when he gained a height of nearly ten thousand feet; and after making many interesting scientific observations, he descended safely near the wood of La Tour du Lay.

The enthusiasm created by the aeronautic experiments of 1783 was immense. To quote M. Marion's excellent little work: *

Nobles and artisans, scientific men and *badauds*, great and small, were moved with one universal impulse. In the streets the praises of the balloon were sung; in the libraries models of it abounded; and in the *salons* the one universal topic was the great machine. In anticipation the poet delighted himself with bird's-eye views of the scenery of strange countries; the prisoner mused on what might

* The marquis's letter says 21st October; but it is dated 29th November, it has every appearance of having been written soon after the ascent, and as the *procès-verbal* gives November, the word October is probably a clerical error.

* The English translation of this requires correction, the rendering of the French measures being in many cases wrong.

be a new way of escape; the physicist visited the laboratory in which the lightning and the meteors were manufactured; the geometrician beheld the plans of cities and the outlines of kingdoms; the general discovered the position of the enemy, or rained shell on the besieged town; the police beheld a new mode in which to carry on the secret service; Hope heralded a new conquest from the domain of Nature, and the historian registered a new chapter in the annals of human knowledge.

It was not merely the blue sky above us, not merely the terrestrial atmosphere, but the vast spaces through which the worlds move, that were to become the domain of man. The gates of the Infinite seemed to be swinging back before his advancing step. The moon, the mysterious dwelling-place of men unknown, would no longer be inaccessible. The planets that revolve round the sun, the flying comets, the most distant stars, these formed the field which was to lie open to investigation.

It was not to be expected that a volatile nation like the French would allow such a subject to become popular without making it the theme of endless jokes and witticisms. Some of these are worth recording.

In one ascent, snow fell on the balloon; and the wits wrote,—

Fiers assiégeants du séjour du tonnerre,

Calmez votre colère!

Eh! ne voyez-vous pas que Jupiter tremblant
Vous demande la paix par son pavillon blanc?

Apropos of an unsuccessful attempt at Lyons with a balloon called "*Le Globe*"—

Vous venez de Lyon; parlez-vous sans mystère?

Le Globe est-il parti? Le fait est-il certain?
Je l'ai vu. Dites nous, allait-il grand train?
S'il allait—Oh, monsieur, il allait *ventre à terre!*

Of an aeronaut who had cheated the public:—

Si par son vol il peut escalader la lune,
Il fera comme un autre, *en volant*, sa fortune!

A large number of caricatures appeared, some very witty, and some very coarse, exhibiting, as an author says, "*la vraie saveur du bon sel français*." In one, a ludicrous mode was shown of filling a balloon with mephitic gas, by the aid of a large number of people, the title being "*La fortune des gens vendeurs!*" In another, alluding to abortive attempts at "*Moyen infallible d'enlèvement des ballons*" was exhibited in the shape of ropes and pulleys. One of these failures was by a person named l'Abbé Miolan, at the Luxembourg; the crowd, after waiting

some hours, rushed in and destroyed the balloon, when the witty Parisians found out that the anagram of the Abbé's name was *ballon abîmé*.

In one of Gay-Lussac's ascents, being desirous of rising very high, he threw out many superfluous things, and among them a common deal chair, which fell into a field where a peasant girl was at work; the balloon was invisible, and the only explanation possible was, that the chair had fallen from heaven. Much surprise was expressed at the uncomfortable accommodation provided for the angels and archangels, but the miracle was ultimately explained.

Many objections were raised to the new invention, which was denounced as an impious attempt to improve on the work of the Creator: it was urged that female honour and virtue would be in continual peril if access could be got by balloons at all hours to the windows of the houses; and politicians objected that if the path of air were to be made free, all limits of property and frontiers of nations would be destroyed; a sentiment which was countenanced by a serious proposal to invade England with an army descending from the skies.

The English were somewhat backward in their notice of balloons, and it was said of them—

Les Anglais, nation trop fière,
S'arrogent l'empire des mers;
Les Français, nation légère,
S'emparent de celui des airs.

A short excursion was made at Edinburgh, in a Montgolfier, by a Mr. Tytler, on the 27th of August, 1784;* but the earliest ascent in Great Britain which attracted attention was a voyage in a gas balloon, on the 15th of the following month, by Vincenzo Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan ambassador. He ascended from Finsbury, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, among whom was the Prince of Wales, and came down safely on a spot of rising ground about four miles north of Ware.†

* Gentleman's Magazine, vol. liv. part ii. p. 709.

† A rough stone, erected to mark the place, may still be seen in a field at Standon Green End, on the estate of Mr. A. G. Puller. It bears a small triangular brass plate, engraved with two views of the balloon, and with the following curious inscription:—

Let Posterity Know
And Knowing be Astonished,
That

On the 15 Day of September, 1784,
Vincent Lunardi of Lucca in Tuscany,
The First Aerial Traveller in Britain,
Mounting from the Artillery Ground
in London,

Three circumstances related by Lunardi* will show the public excitement produced. A gentlewoman who saw some article drop from the car, supposed it was the aeronaut, and died of the fright. A jury were considering the verdict to be given on a criminal, indicted for a capital offence, when the balloon being in sight, the court adjourned to look at it, and the jury to save time acquitted the prisoner; the judges afterwards remarking to Lunardi, that though he had caused the loss of one life, he had saved another. A Cabinet-council also broke up, in order that the king, with Mr. Pitt and other ministers, might watch the balloon through telescopes prepared for that purpose: the king remarking, "We may resume our deliberations at pleasure, but we may never see poor Lunardi again."

Shortly after this, an experienced French aeronaut, Blanchard, brought a balloon to England, and on the 7th of January, 1785, he performed the hazardous feat of crossing the Channel. He was accompanied by Dr. Jeffries, an American who afterwards published an account of the voyage.† They started from Dover heights at about mid-day, with a light north-westerly wind. During the passage, by loss of gas, the balloon descended several times nearly to the water-level, and to keep themselves from drowning they threw out first their ballast, and then every other loose article,

including all their provisions, a great part of their clothes, and their anchors. At last they reached the shore, and landed safely in the forest of Guines, near Calais. Blanchard gained much honour by this expedition, but he did not escape the wit of the Parisians, who nicknamed him "Don Quichotte de la Manche."

The French were jealous of the crossing having been first effected from the cliffs of perfidious Albion, and the enterprising Pilâtre de Rozier determined to attempt the passage from the French shore. The story is a romantic and melancholy one. He had many difficulties and discouragements, but he had fallen in love with an English girl at Boulogne, and as she urged him to make the experiment, he did so, in spite of the warnings of his friends. He ascended on the 15th of June, 1785, with a companion, and they were carried at first over the strait; but the wind changing they were brought back to the land. They were hanging within sight of Boulogne when the balloon took fire, and the unhappy aeronauts falling to the earth, were both killed. The young lady who had contributed to the catastrophe, and who was probably a witness of it, fell into horrible convulsions, and died a few days after her lover.

Many other aeronauts have fallen victims to their hazardous occupation; among them was Madame Blanchard. At a Parisian *fête* on the 6th July, 1819, she had attached to her car a large mass of fireworks, which she set light to when at a great height. When these were extinguished, a bright flame shot up into the air: the spectators at first thought it was part of the entertainment, but it was soon discovered that the gas of the balloon was ignited. As she descended she called for help, and, as she retained her presence of mind, she might have been saved, but the car, in dragging, caught a chimney which threw her down to the pavement below and killed her on the spot.

We also read of a narrow escape from a madman (an Englishman, of course), who, when at a great height, took out a knife and began to cut the cords that held the car, saying he should like to try the sensation of a fall. The aeronaut opened the valve with all his might, and contrived to delay the experiment till they touched the ground.

It was not uncommon for persons of rank to take seats in the car, either as managers or passengers. The future

And
Traversing the Regions of the Air
For Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes
In This Spot
Revisited the Earth.
On this Rude Monument
For Ages be Recorded
That Wonderful Enterprise
Successfully Achieved
By the Powers of Chemistry
And the Fortitude of Man:
That Improvement in Science
Which
The Great Author of all Knowledge,
Patronizing by his Providence
The Invention of Mankind,
Hath Graciously Permitted
To Their Benefit
And His Own Eternal Glory.

Traditions of the event are preserved in the neighbourhood; one of the rude fathers of the hamlet, who showed us the stone, boasted of having known a woman who helped to hold down the balloon, and pointed out the tree to which it was secured. The plate is in very bad condition, and if Lunardi's wish is to be fulfilled, we commend his "rude monument" to the care of the landowner.

* An Account of the First Aerial Voyage in England. In a series of letters. By Vincent Lunardi, Esq. London, 1784.

† A Narrative of the Two Aerial Voyages of Doctor Jeffries with Mons. Blanchard. By John Jeffries, M.D. Presented to the Royal Society, and read before them, January 1786. London, 1786.

Charles X., the Comte d'Artois, and Philippe Egalité, were among this number, and the latter nearly lost his life by the trial of some new apparatus. There were many jokes at his expense, and it was said, "*Il avait voulu se mettre au-dessus de ses affaires.*"

The English aeronauts have not been behind their Continental brethren for skill and enterprise. The Sadlers, father and son, were renowned for their courage. James, the father, made an ascent from Oxford as early as 1784; and on the 1st of October, 1812, he attempted to cross the Irish Channel from Dublin to Liverpool. But he met with adverse winds, and after much buffeting about, he was obliged to drop into the sea, and was picked up by a boat that fortunately was near, the captain being obliged to run his bowsprit through the balloon to free him. His son, Windham Sadler, accomplished the passage from Dublin to Holyhead on the 22nd of July, 1817. On one of his ascents the net broke and the car began to slip away, when he saved himself by tying the neck of the balloon round his body. He was unhappily killed on the 29th of September, 1824, while descending in a gale, by striking against a house near Blackburn, in Lancashire.

Mr. Green, another of our most celebrated aeronauts, was born the year after the invention of balloons, and died only a few years ago. He made nearly one thousand four hundred ascents; he crossed the sea three times, and twice fell into it. He took up seven hundred persons, among whom were one hundred and twenty ladies, and many persons of high rank. On one occasion he ascended sitting on a favourite pony, suspended to the hoop in the place of the car; the animal, who had been trained at Astley's, did not manifest the least uneasiness, but ate freely during the excursion some beans given him by his rider.

A voyage made by Mr. Green to the centre of Germany is one of the most memorable on record. The balloon was fifty feet diameter, containing 85,000 cubic feet of gas, and the party consisted of Mr. Green, Mr. Monck Mason (who, in his "*Aeronautica*," has given a full account of the voyage), and Mr. Robert Holland, who provided the funds. They ascended from Vauxhall Gardens on the 7th of November, 1836, at half-past one P.M., and, crossing the channel, passed to the eastward during the night, and the next morning saw large tracts of snow, which they thought might be the bound-

less plains of Poland or the inhospitable steppes of Russia. This determined them to descend, when they found themselves near Weillburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, having travelled about five hundred miles in eighteen hours. The balloon afterwards took the name of the Nassau balloon. Mr. Green's principal object in this expedition was the trial of his newly-invented guide-rope (described hereafter), and he considered the success of the experiment as complete.

A larger balloon constructed by M. Nadar, and named the "*Géant*," contained above two hundred thousand cubic feet, equivalent to about seventy-four feet diameter; the car was a house of two stories, weighing, when full, above three tons. M. Nadar, a man of considerable ability, had adopted the fancy that it was impossible to control the direction of balloons, on account of their lightness and large surface, and he considered he had discovered an important scientific principle, that "*pour lutter contre l'air il faut être plus lourd que l'air.*" He instituted a society to introduce flying-machines on this principle, and he proposed to provide it with funds by the excursions of this monster balloon. He ascended at 5.45 P.M., on the 18th October, 1863, from the Champ de Mars, with eight passengers, among whom was a young Montgolfier, the grandson of one of the men of Annonay. At nine the next morning they descended between Bremen and Hanover. The wind was blowing a hurricane, the two anchors parted, the aeronauts lost the control of the valve, and there ensued a violent dragging for many miles, until the balloon tore itself open on the trees of a wood. The passengers were much hurt, and barely escaped with their lives.* The balloon was afterwards repaired, and exhibited in London and elsewhere, and it made a few more short excursions, but it did not much help the "*plus lourd que l'air*" society.

On the evening of the 31st August, 1874, M. Jules Duruof, a courageous young Frenchman, ascended with his wife from Calais, intending to cross to England. The balloon was, however, carried over the German Ocean, and the aeronauts were rescued the next morning by a Grimsby smack, that happened to be fishing on the Dogger bank, 170 miles off the mouth of the Humber.

* "*Mémoires du Géant*," par Nadar. Paris, 1865. The most readable and entertaining book we have met with on the subject of ballooning.

The bursting of a balloon in the air, terrible as it is to think of, does not seem necessarily to involve fatal consequences to the aeronauts. In 1808 a balloon, carrying two Italians, burst at a great height; and in 1835 Mr. Wise, an American aeronaut of great experience and enterprise,* met with a similar accident in Pennsylvania; but in both cases the balloon, from its great resisting surface exposed to the air, brought the aeronauts gently down. Mr. Wise, reflecting on these accidents, became so convinced of the efficacy of the resistance, that he afterwards, on several occasions, burst his balloon purposely when high in the air. In 1847 an accident of this kind happened on an ascent from Vauxhall, when Mr. Coxwell and the late Albert Smith were of the party, but no one was seriously hurt. Mr. Glaisher supports Mr. Wise's explanation by facts occurring in his own experience; but he justly remarks that "it is not a situation to be coveted."

To provide against cases of this kind, Blanchard introduced the *parachute*, a sort of large umbrella, suspended between the balloon and the car. In ordinary circumstances it was closed, but on falling fast it opened of itself, and by its resistance checked the velocity so materially as to allow of the descent being effected safely. Blanchard tried the first experiment on his dog, and this was so successful, that parachutes were frequently afterwards used by the aeronauts themselves. Garnerin, in October 1797, dropped safely from a height of 2,240 feet; and his wife was so skilful in their management, that she once laid a wager that she would make one descend on a given spot, which she accomplished with tolerable precision.

On the 24th July, 1837, an enthusiast named Cocking insisted on dropping himself from Mr. Green's balloon, when at a height of five thousand feet above London, in a parachute of his own contrivance, which utterly failed, and the poor fellow was dashed to pieces.

But our readers may wish to form some more definite idea what a balloon is, and what sort of operations are involved in a balloon voyage.

First, as to the source of the ascending power. For a long time Montgolfier's

system of heated air and Charles's system of light gas were in rivalry. The former was much the simpler; but the hydrogen was difficult and costly to prepare, and the filling of a balloon with it took many days. About 1814 coal gas came into use for lighting towns, and this settled the question by providing an excellent filling material, always to be had at gasworks at a moderate charge. Although six or seven times heavier than pure hydrogen, it was still less than half the weight of air, and therefore would give, with moderate-sized balloons, a fair ascending power; moreover, being less subtle, it was less liable to leak through the stuff of the envelope. Mr. Green was the first to take advantage of this gas, and it has since been almost universally used. The Montgolfier system is quite abandoned, and pure hydrogen is only resorted to in special cases where great power is required.

The ascending force is determined, according to well-known hydrostatic laws, by the difference in weight between the gas and an equal volume of air. An example will make this clear. The standard balloon used in the siege of Paris (of which we shall speak hereafter) was about fifty feet diameter, containing 70,600 cubic feet. The weight of this volume of air would be about 5000 lbs., and the weight of the gas (assuming a sp. gr. of 0.40) would be 2000 lbs. Hence the gross ascending force would be 3000 lbs. The weight of the balloon, net, and car was about 1000 lbs., thus leaving 2000 lbs. available for passengers, despatches, ballast, and anchoring-apparatus. If the same balloon were filled with hydrogen, the weight of the gas would be only 350 lbs, and the disposable ascending force would be 3650 lbs.

The shape is generally spherical, as giving the largest content with the least weight, and the available power of the balloon increases with its size. The bottom of the balloon is not closed, but tapers to form a pipe. This serves for the inflation, and it is left open during the ascent to allow of the escape of the gas as it expands; if it were not for this precaution, the balloon would burst from the increased pressure. At the top of the balloon is fixed the *escape valve*, which consists of two doors or flaps opening inwards, and kept closed by springs. To these doors cords are attached, which pass down the centre of the balloon and through the open pipe into the car. The

* A System of Aeronautics. By John Wise. Philadelphia, 1850.

aeronaut has only to pull these cords to open the valves, which allow the gas to escape.

The balloon is covered with a network of fine strong cord, which, passing down the sides, terminates in a wooden hoop at the bottom. To this hoop the car is suspended by ropes, and thus, by means of the net the weight is transferred to the top of the balloon, on which the ascending force acts. The car is simply an oblong basket of wicker-work, combining lightness with strength to resist strains or blows.

The balloon has to be provided with several appurtenances necessary for the aerial manœuvres. The most important is *ballast*, which consists of fine sand carried in small sacks; this material when thrown out distributes itself in the air, and so does no damage in falling. Another provision is an anchor or *grappling-hook*, intended to catch hold of some object when the balloon approaches the earth, and so to arrest its course. This is attached to a coil of rope that hangs over the side of the car, ready to be disengaged at any moment by cutting a small binding-string.

Another article of equipment, in large balloons, is a long rope called the *guide-rope*, which is fastened to the hoop and allowed to hang down below the car. This has several important uses. In the first place, when the balloon is so low that the rope trails on the ground, the effect is to take off a portion of the weight, which is equivalent to the discharge of so much ballast, and as the lightening increases by the descent of the balloon, a most efficient self-acting check is thus offered to any rapid fall. Secondly, the trailing along the ground also checks more gently than the grapnel the horizontal drift by the wind. Thirdly, the position and angle of the rope, as seen immediately below the car, furnish indications both of the course of the balloon and its height above the ground, which are peculiarly valuable in darkness and fogs; and lastly, it affords the people on the ground something to lay hold of in order to help the aeronaut to descend. The guide rope is generally from 500 to 1000 feet long, and by means of a small windlass in the car, it may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure. It was invented by Mr. Green, and is the only new feature of importance added to the general design of the balloon as left by Charles in December, 1783.

We may now consider the operations of the voyage. The balloon being filled, the aeronaut carefully examines his ballast, his anchor-attachments, and his valve-lines, the three great provisions for his safety, and at his signal "let go" the machine soars into the air. He will have taken in the greatest possible quantity of ballast, so as to leave but little ascending force, and to moderate the velocity of his rise; he can throw more out at any time, and thus can increase his upward speed as he desires. In proportion, however, as he rises, the conditions of the ascending force become changed. The air at higher levels has a reduced pressure, the consequence of which is a tendency of the gas to expand. Hence if the balloon was full at starting, an escape will take place by the tube at the bottom; but it is customary to leave a portion empty to provide for the expansion. Supposing now the ascent to continue, a point will soon be reached where, by the loss of gas, the ascending force will be reduced to an equilibrium with the weight, and at this point the balloon will float horizontally, neither rising nor falling.*

There are other sources of variation in the ascending power. One is, change of temperature: a powerful sun will expand the gas, or, on the other hand, a shower of rain or a deposit of snow will contract it — either of these changes having a corresponding effect on the equilibrium. The alteration of weight, also, by moisture, and the loss of gas by leakage, or by exosmose, or by diffusion in the air through the neck, are all disturbing influences that go on more or less during the voyage.

The aeronaut forms an idea of his height by the inspection of a barometer in the car; and he has it in his power to alter his level as he pleases. If he wishes to ascend, he throws out ballast; if to descend, he opens the valve and lets out gas. But he must be careful not to be too lavish of these means, seeing that his stores of gas and ballast are limited, and that it is absolutely necessary, for the

* As an approximate rule, omitting the disturbing influences of temperature, etc., the height in feet to which a balloon will rise whose capacity in cubic feet = C , and weight in lbs. = W , will be $= 27,800 \text{ hyp. log. } C \frac{(1-s)}{14W}$, where s = sp. gr. of gas, air being unity.

This formula will also show the effect of discharging ballast, by substituting a diminished value of W . It is said that the last thoughts of Euler were occupied by this problem, the calculations being found on his slate at the time of his death on the 7th Sept. 1783. — "*Voyages Aériens*" (French edition).

safety of his life, that he should have a fair supply of both left at the time he wishes to regain the earth.

The descent is the most arduous task of the aeronaut, and during which he is most exposed to danger, particularly if the wind be high. Having brought himself tolerably low, he will look out for a favourable place ahead, where he may land easily, the best condition being a free open space, unencumbered by buildings or trees. On approaching this he will throw out his grapnel, and, if it catches, it will bring him to a stand. He will probably receive a shock or two, but having now a hold on the ground, he may with a vigorous pull at the valve easily accomplish his descent, particularly if friendly helping hands are near. But his anchor may not catch, or may give way, and a strong wind may carry him on. His task is then a difficult one, requiring great nerve and presence of mind. He may see a building or a tree in his way, towards which he is being hurled with fatal force when his only chance of salvation is instantly to throw out ballast to rise and escape it; after which he must renew his attempt. The swaying of the balloon by the wind when the grapnel has caught, the highly inclined position, requiring him to hold on to avoid being thrown out, the risk of dragging, and many other contingencies, make a descent in a high wind a thing only to be undertaken by very experienced hands.

In some cases balloons, after being inflated, are allowed only to rise a certain height under restraint, being secured to the earth by long cords. These are called *captive* balloons. They have at different periods been fashionable, as affording amusement to the public, and, in some cases, have been of real utility. Two large captive balloons have been made of late years, one at Paris, in 1867, the other in London in 1868. The Paris one was placed in a building adjoining the Exhibition, and it carried twelve persons in the car to a height of about eight hundred feet. The London captive balloon, installed in Ashburnham Park, Chelsea, was much larger, ninety-three feet diameter, and containing about 425,000 cubic feet. It was filled with hydrogen gas, and took up thirty-two people at a time to a height of two thousand feet; a steam-engine of two hundred horsepower being used to draw it down again. Both these fine balloons were made by M. Henri Giffard, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-by.

It may now be asked of what use are balloons? Almost all writers on the subject have concurred in lamenting that an invention of such high promise should have performed so little. The balloon has been a singular exception to the ordinary course of mechanical discoveries. The steam-engine, machinery, steam-navigation, railways, the electric telegraph, photography, iron-construction, have all, soon after their introduction, received rapid development; while this art of aerial locomotion, from which so much was expected, has remained just where it was in 1783. Franklin's child has never grown; he is an infant still. The balloon, instead of revolutionizing the world, has settled down to the position of a huge toy, and has taken rank with fireworks and monster bands as an attraction to *fêtes* and holiday amusements, for the mere gratification of idle curiosity.

There have been, however, two purposes of special character to which the balloon has been seriously applied, and in which it has rendered good service, namely, the scientific investigation of atmospheric phenomena, and the art of war.

First, as to the scientific use of balloons. From the time of their invention philosophers have thought them applicable to aerial and meteorological researches, and many ascents have been planned at different times with this view. At the beginning of the present century an aeronaut named Robertson, who is spoken highly of by Arago, made such ascents at Hamburg and St. Petersburg, and about the same date Gay-Lussac and Biot undertook similar experiments at Paris, at the suggestion of Laplace. Messrs. Barral and Bixio, in 1850, and Mr. Welch, of Kew, in 1852, followed in the same track; but the most extensive series of investigations of the kind have been made within the last ten years, at the instance of the British Association, by Mr. Glaisher, of the Greenwich Observatory. He associated himself with our most experienced living aeronaut, Mr. Coxwell, and the ascents were made in a large balloon of ninety thousand cubic feet capacity, constructed specially for the purpose. The objects were to make observations at high altitudes on the thermometric, hygrometric, electrical, and chemical condition of the air; on the magnetic force; on the spectral and solar influences; on clouds and vapours; on aerial currents; on sound; and on any other interesting phenomena that offered themselves. For Mr. Glaisher's results on

these points we must refer to his very full official reports; but he has given to the world a popular account of some of his voyages in the book mentioned on our first page. In the years 1862 to 1866 he made twenty-eight ascents, in one of which he rose to the great height of thirty seven thousand feet, or *seven miles*. At this elevation he lost consciousness, and the cover of his book is ornamented with his picture as he hung over the edge of the car in this critical condition. The following extract, descriptive of "The High Regions," will give an idea of Mr. Glaisher's style:—

Above the clouds the balloon occupies the centre of a vast hollow sphere, of which the lower portion is generally cut off by a horizontal plane. This section is in appearance a vast continent, often without intervals or breaks, and separating us completely from the earth. No isolated clouds hover above this plane. We seem to be citizens of the sky, separated from the earth by a barrier which seems impassable. We are free from all apprehension such as may exist when nothing separates us from the earth. We can suppose the laws of gravitation are for a time suspended, and in the upper world, to which we seem now to belong, the silence and quiet are so intense, that peace and calm seem to reign alone.

Above our heads arises a noble roof—a vast dome of the deepest blue; in the east may perhaps be seen the tints of a rainbow on the point of vanishing; in the west the sun silvers the edges of broken clouds. Below these light vapours may rise a chain of mountains, the Alps of the sky, rearing themselves one above the other, mountain above mountain, till the highest peaks are coloured by the setting sun. Some of these compact masses look as if ravaged by avalanches, or rent by the irresistible movements of glaciers. Some clouds seem built up of quartz, or even diamonds; some, like immense cones, boldly rise upwards; others resemble pyramids whose sides are in rough outline. These scenes are so varied and so beautiful, that we feel that we could remain forever to wander above these boundless planes. . . . But we must quit these regions to approach the earth; our revolt against gravity has lasted long enough, we must now obey its laws again. As we descend, the summits of the silvery mountains approach us fast, and appear to ascend towards us; we are already entering deep valleys, which seem as if about to swallow us up, but mountains, valleys, and glaciers all flee upward. We enter the clouds and soon see the earth: we must make the descent, and in a few minutes the balloon lies helpless, and half empty, on the ground.

In addition to Mr. Glaisher's accounts, the work also contains descriptions of

balloon voyages by three eminent French aeronauts, Messrs. Flammarion, De Fonvielle and Gaston Tissandier. M. Tissandier deserves credit for having introduced a new feature into balloon descriptions, by taking up his brother, a practised artist, who has illustrated the balloon adventures and the scenery of the voyages with much skill.*

The most recent scientific ascent was attended with a lamentable result. On the 15th April, 1875, M. Tissandier started from Paris, accompanied by M. Croce-Spinelli, an engineer, and M. Sivel, a naval officer, the object being to make certain observations at high altitudes. The records of the height do not show so great an elevation as that attained by Mr. Glaisher, but either from the effect of the rarefaction, or from the inhalation of gas, M. Tissandier's companions were both suffocated, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. Is there enough to be learnt at these great elevations to justify the risk they entail?

The application of balloons to the art of war presents great interest, on account of the remarkable success with which they were used by the Parisians, in the late siege, to establish communication with the country in general, in defiance of a most vigorous blockade. We make no apology, therefore, for giving this part of our subject a more lengthy notice.

Soon after Montgolfier's and Charles's first trials the idea arose of using the *aerostat*, as the French call it, for military purposes. At the siege of Condé, in 1793, an attempt was made to send news by a balloon across the investing lines; and about the same time, the celebrated Guyton de Morveau proposed to establish captive balloons as posts of observation in communication with the Republican armies. The idea was approved by the Committee of Public Safety, on the condition that sulphuric acid should not be used for the production of the hydrogen, all the sulphur obtainable being wanted for powder. Lavoisier got over the difficulty by his discovery of the decomposing action of red-hot iron on steam, and De Morveau's proposal was put in practice. A school of aerostatics was established at

* We must give a decided preference to the French edition of the work, not only because there are important omissions in the English copy, but because the style of the French authors, who are all practised writers, and express themselves forcibly and often eloquently, suffers much in translation.

Meudon, and two companies of *aéroliers* were attached to the army. The campaign of the Sambre and Meuse was just then beginning, and an energetic young officer of the balloon-corps, named Coutelle, was sent in all haste with two balloons to its aid. The general, who had received no notice of the step, at first treated the young man as a lunatic, and threatened to shoot him; but he was soon convinced of the importance of the invention, and adopted it without further hesitation. At the siege of Maubeuge and the battle of Fleurus, Coutelle rendered most important services in obtaining information as to the position and movements of the enemy, who afterwards made honourable testimony to the skill and ingenuity of the proceeding.

After this, military aërostation seems to have died away. The first Napoleon took balloons into Egypt, but the English seized the filling-apparatus: his nephew had one made for the Italian campaign, in 1859, and appointed Garnerin as his aeronaut; but it only arrived the day after Solferino. We also hear of successful aërostation in the American Civil War a few years later, the signals being communicated to the earth by telegraph wires.

At the breaking-out of the Franco-German War in July 1870, there were in Paris many experienced aeronauts, including Tissandier, De Fonvielle, Nadar, Jules Duroof, and Eugène Godard, the latter of whom had made eight hundred ascents. The subject of military ballooning was mooted, and received some faint support from the Imperial government; but before anything of use could be arranged the disaster of Sedan occurred, and was followed in a few days by the close investment of the capital. The new government at once addressed themselves to the aeronauts, with the view of opening aerial communications with the exterior. Six balloons were found, all in indifferent condition, the worst being the Solferino one, "*L'Impérial*," which, M. Tissandier is careful to tell us, "*on n'a jamais su réparer*." The first ascent was made by M. Duroof, on the 23rd September; he carried a large number of despatches, and landed safely in three hours near Evreux. He was followed on the 21st by M. Mangin; on the 29th, by Godard, jun.; and on the 30th by Gaston Tissandier, who has given an animated account of his voyage.

Encouraged by this success, the government established the balloon-post on a

regular system, and took immediate steps for the manufacture of a large number of balloons, under specified conditions, and in the quickest possible time. It was easier, however, to make the vessels than to find captains for them, for experienced aeronauts were very few, and when they had once left Paris there was no returning. In this strait it was resolved to invite the help of sailors, a class of men whose training made them familiar with operations and dangers akin to those of ballooning. The appeal was well answered; many fine brave fellows offered themselves; they received such instruction as was possible, and a large number of ascents were conducted by them. "Our topsail is high, sir," said a tar to his admiral, who saw him ascend, "and difficult to reef; but we can sail all the same, and, please God, we'll arrive." The employment of some acrobats from the Hippodrome was less fortunate, as they made use of their skill, when in difficulty, to slip down the guide-rope to the earth, leaving the passengers and despatches to take care of themselves.

The balloon service was on the whole conducted with remarkable success and precision. From September to January sixty-four balloons were sent off, and of these fifty-seven fulfilled their mission, the despatches reaching their destination. The total number of persons that left Paris was 155, the weight of despatches was nine tons, and the number of letters, three millions. The speed of transit varied usually from about seven to forty or forty-five miles an hour. In four cases a speed above fifty miles was attained, and in one instance about eighty miles; the high speeds being all with south-westerly winds.

We may mention some of the voyages which offer special interest. Gambetta left by the "*Armand Barbès*" (every balloon had a name) on the 7th of October; being too low, he was fired on by the Prussians, and narrowly escaped being hit. On the 27th of October, the "*Bretagne*" fell, by some bad management, into the hands of the Prussians near Verdun; on the 4th of November, the "*Gallée*" had a similar fate near Chartres; and on the 12th the "*Daguerre*" was shot at, brought down, and seized a few leagues from Paris. The loss of three balloons within a few days alarmed the government; the vigilance of the enemy had been aroused, and whenever a balloon was seen, notices were telegraphed along its probable line of flight, and the swiftest

Uhlans were put on the alert, with the hope of capturing it. Moreover, there was said to have arrived at Versailles a new rifled gun of enormous range, made by Krupp, to fire shell at the aerial messengers. On this account the government determined that the future departures should take place at night. But the darkness added greatly to the difficulties of the voyage, and some of the ascents were attended with strange adventures.

On the 24th of November, near midnight, the "Ville d'Orléans" left with an aeronaut and a passenger; the wind blew from the north, and it was hoped the balloon would fall near Tours; but before long the voyagers heard a sound below them which they recognized but too well as the lashing of breakers on the shore. They were in a thick mist, and when at daybreak this cleared away they found themselves over the sea, out of sight of land. They saw several vessels, and made signals for help, but were not answered, and one vessel fired on them. They were scudding rapidly to the north, and had given themselves up for lost, when they came in sight of land to the eastward. But they were descending from loss of gas, and their ballast was gone; in despair they threw out a bag of despatches, and this saved them, for the balloon rose, and encountered a westerly current, which carried them to the shore. They had no idea what part of the world they were in; the ground was covered with snow, they saw no inhabitants, and being overcome by fatigue and hunger, they both fainted on getting out of the car. On recovering, they walked through the snow, with great exertion, and the first living creatures they saw were three wolves, who, however, did not molest them. After a painful walk of several hours, they found a shed where they sheltered for the night, and the next morning, continuing their march, they came upon another hovel with traces of fire, which showed them the country was inhabited. Soon after two woodmen came in, but neither party could understand the other, and it was only by one of the peasants pulling out a box of matches marked "Christiania," that the Frenchmen could guess where they were. They had fallen in Norway. They were well received, and though the balloon had escaped when they fainted, it was ultimately recovered, with all the contents of the car, and the despatches reached their destination. The "Archimède,"

which started an hour after the "Ville d'Orléans," landed in Holland, after a voyage of seven hours.

The 30th November was a memorable day for the balloons. The "Jacquard" ascended at 11 P.M., managed by a sailor named Prince, who cried out with enthusiasm as he rose, "*Je veux faire un immense voyage; on parlera de mon ascension.*" He was driven by a southeasterly wind, over the English Channel. He was seen by English vessels, and passing near the Lizard he dropped his despatches, some of which were afterwards picked up on the rocks; but the balloon, thus lightened, soared high over the wide Atlantic and was never heard of more.

The "Jules Favre" started at half-past eleven the same night with two passengers, and only escaped almost by a miracle the fate of the "Jacquard." The wind blew from the north, and the aeronauts thought they were going to Lyons; they were long enveloped in fog, and on emerging at daybreak they saw under them an island which they supposed to be in a river, but which proved to be Hoedic in the Atlantic! They were driving furiously out to sea; but in front of them lay, as a forlorn hope, the larger island of Belleisle. They saw they should pass one end of it where it was very narrow, and that they must either land on this strip of land or be lost. They tore the valve open with all their might, brought the balloon down some thousand feet in a few minutes, and fortunately succeeded in striking the land. But the shock was terrific; the balloon bounded three times, and at last caught against a wall, throwing both passengers out of the car. They were much hurt, but were hospitably received, singularly enough, in the house of the father of General Trochu.

On the 15th December the "Ville de Paris" fell at Wertzlar in Prussia; and on the 20th, the "General Chanzy" got also into captivity at Rothenberg, in Bavaria.

On the morning of the 28th January, the "Richard Wallace," which left Paris the night before, was seen at La Rochelle approaching the sea, and almost touching the ground. The people called to the aeronaut to descend, instead of which he threw out a sack of ballast, rose to a great height, and soon disappeared in the western horizon. No doubt the poor fellow had lost his wits on seeing the danger

before him. This was the last ascent but one; that on the next day carried to the provinces the news of the armistice.

The balloons had solved the problem of communication from Paris outwards, but there was another, not less important, namely, how to obtain a return communication inwards from the exterior. This was a much more difficult matter; any wind would blow a balloon away from the city, but to get one back again required a particular direction of current, with very little margin. M. Tissandier devised some ingenious schemes, and himself made several attempts to get back, but failed, and the return of balloons was given up as impracticable.

Failing these, other modes were thought of, and the government appealed energetically to men of science and inventors to help them in their difficulty. Numberless projects were offered, and a committee sat *en permanence* to examine them, but the great majority were wild and visionary.

A few trusty foot messengers succeeded in penetrating the Prussian lines, and many cunning devices were invented for concealing about them short despatches in cypher; hollow coins, keys and other articles of unsuspecting appearance were skilfully prepared; occasionally a despatch was inserted in an incision under the skin, and one of the contrivances most successful, till an indiscreet journal let out the secret, was an artificial hollow tooth. One balloon took out some trained dogs, which it was hoped would find their way back again, but they never reappeared. A daring attempt was made, by some electricians, to connect the broken ends of the telegraph wires (which had of course been cut) by almost invisible metallic threads, but they could not succeed. The river, flowing into Paris from the plains of Central France, formed the basis of many promising schemes. Divers, submarine boats and floating contrivances of many kinds were proposed, and some of them tried; the most ingenious being little globes of blown glass, so marvellously resembling the natural froth bubbles on the surface of the water as to escape the most vigilant observation. It was thought at one time that these would come into use, but before the "*service des bulles*" could be organized, the frost set in, and spoiled the surface of the river.

The problem which had defied the ingenuity of man, was, however, solved by the instinct of a bird. The return post

was effected by means of *carrier pigeons*, which, having been taken out of Paris in balloons, were let loose in the provinces to find their own way home. There existed in Paris a "*Société Colombophile*," and after the departure of the first balloon, the vice-president waited on General Trochu, and proposed that an attempt should be made to combine the outward balloon-post with a return service by pigeons. The second balloon carried three birds, which came safely back six hours afterwards, with news from the aeronauts; and the return of eighteen more despatched in following days confirmed the practicability of the plan. The service was then regularly organized, and was carried on with more or less success during the whole of the siege.

But though the messengers were found, it was necessary to give careful attention to the mode of transmitting the messages. A pigeon's despatch is tied to one of the feathers in his tail, and, of course, in order to avoid impeding his motion, it must be very small and light. For strategic purposes, small despatches in cypher would have sufficed, but the government, with laudable spirit, wished to give the public the benefit of the pigeon-post, as they had already done with the balloon-service, and this gave rise to one of the most remarkable and ingenious postal arrangements of the siege, namely the application of *microscopic photography*.

The exquisite delicacy of the collodion film had long been known, and with the aid of a microscopic camera, pictures had been produced on it which, though so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, exhibited, when magnified, all the details of the original. M. Dagrón,* who had practised this art, pointed out its applicability to the pigeon-post, and was commissioned to organize the arrangements. He left in the "Niepce" balloon on the 12th November, and, after falling into the hands of the Prussians at Vitry-le-Français, he escaped to Tours, where, and at Bordeaux, he conducted the process with much success.

The despatches, public and private, were first printed (to save space and render them more legible) on pages of folio size, sixteen of which were placed side by side, forming a large sheet about 54 inches long and 32 inches wide. This was reduced by photography to one eight-

* "*La Poste par Pigeons Voyageurs.*" Par Dagrón. Tours, Bordeaux, 1870-1.

hundredth of its original area, the impression being taken on a small pellicle of transparent gelatinous collodion, two inches long and one and one-fourth inch wide, and weighing about three-quarters of a grain. Each page consists of about two thousand words, and, therefore the whole impression contains as much matter as sixty-five pages of this review.

We have read one of these despatches with a powerful microscope, and find it contains a great number of messages, chiefly of personal interest, to inhabitants of Paris, from many parts of France. We extract the following as samples:—

Dépêches à distribuer aux destinataires.

Pau, 26 janvier.—A Focher, Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Madeleine accouchée heureusement hier. Bien beau garçon.

Biarritz, 1 février.—A Martin, 63 Rue Petites Ecuries. Sommes à Biarritz, bébé complètement remis, embrasse papa, douloureusement impressionnés événements.

A Font. Besoin argent, demande Masquier.

A Perier. Tous parfaitement bien; trou-veras charbon dans cave.

There are also many "*dépêches mandats*," or post-office orders, payable to persons in Paris, from correspondents in the country.

Every pigeon carried twenty of these leaves, which were carefully rolled up and put in a quill; they contained matter enough to fill a good-sized volume, and yet the weight of the whole was only fifteen grains. When the pigeon arrived at his cot in Paris, his precious little burden was taken to the government-office, where the quill was cut open, and the collodion leaves were carefully extracted. The next process was to magnify and read them by an optical apparatus, on the principle of the magic lantern, or rather of the well-known electric illustrator, which plays such an important part in the scientific lectures at our Royal Institution. The collodion film was fixed between two glass plates, and its image was thrown on a white screen, enlarged to such an extent that the characters might be read by the naked eye. The messages were then copied and sent to their destination.

The despatches were repeated by different pigeons, for although the communication was established many causes interrupted its regularity. The Prussians were powerless against the winged messengers (it is said they attempted to chase them with birds of prey); but there were more real obstacles in fogs, which pre-

vented the pigeons seeing their way, and in the great cold, which was found to interfere with their powers, particularly when the ground was covered with snow. There were sent out of Paris three hundred and sixty-three pigeons, but only fifty-seven returned, and some of these were absent a long time.

The charge for private despatches by pigeon was fifty centimes per word; but to facilitate the service, the Parisians were directed to send to their friends in the country, by balloon, questions which could be answered by pigeon with the single words, "Yes" or "No." Forms were prepared, something like our postage-cards, and four such answers were conveyed for one franc.*

The Parisians will long recollect the excitement produced by the arrival of their pretty couriers; no sooner was a pigeon seen in the air than the whole city was aroused, and remained in a state of intense anxiety till the news was delivered. An engraving was afterwards published representing Paris, as a woman in mourning, anxiously awaiting, like Noah's imprisoned family, the return of the dove.

The aerial post was undoubtedly a great success. It could not indeed save France, or deliver the capital; but it was an immense comfort and advantage to the Parisians as establishing, during the whole of the siege, a correspondence with the exterior, which without it would have been impossible. And had the cause been less desperate, it is not improbable that the balloons might have turned the

* The following official notice, of a kind unique in postal annals, may still be seen on the walls of some of the French provincial towns:—

"DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE DES TÉLÉGRAPHES ET DES POSTES. — *Avis.* — Les derniers ballons ont apporté de Paris, avec la correspondance de la capitale, des cartes destinées à recevoir des réponses à des questions posées dans la lettre d'envoi. La direction assurera la transmission de ces réponses au moyen des pigeons-voyageurs, désireuse d'ajouter ainsi aux moyens de correspondance qu'elle a déjà mis à la disposition du public pour ses relations avec la capitale, un nouveau mode de communications, moins complet, il est vrai, mais moins onéreux. Les cartes-réponses seront reçues dans tous les bureaux de télégraphe et de poste moyennant une taxe uniforme d'un franc. Elles ne pourront contenir que quatre réponses, par oui ou par non, consignées dans des colonnes disposées à cet effet. Les bureaux de poste sont également autorisés à recevoir des sommes d'argent à destination de Paris et de l'enceinte fortifiée jusqu'à concurrence de 300 fr., et à délivrer en échange des mandats qui, transmis à Paris par des pigeons-voyageurs, y seront acquittés à présentation. . . . La direction prend des mesures pour donner aux opérations photographiques nécessaires pour la reproduction et la réduction des télégrammes et des mandats un développement en rapport avec les nouvelles facilités qu'elle est heureuse de pouvoir accorder au public. — STERNACKERS. *Tours.* (No date, but it must have been early in October, 1870.)

scale, by giving to the French substantial advantages in their means of communication.

We must now, in conclusion, say a few words on the general capabilities and prospects of the balloon as a means of aerial locomotion. The problem is one of great interest and importance; for it need hardly be said that if such a mode of transit could be established, its advantages would be almost incalculable.

The balloon already fulfils, as we have seen, one of the two necessary conditions; it will float in the air, and it can be made to rise and fall at pleasure.* But it fails in the second particular. The great obstacle at present to its use is the want of power over the *direction* of its flight. It is at the mercy of the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth;" and a vehicle which can only travel to some unknown place is not likely to have many business passengers.

It has often been proposed to take advantage of the fact, well ascertained by experience, that currents are found, at different heights moving in different directions; but the information on this point is at present very imperfect; and probably such a mode of direction would be always uncertain. The more important problem is, how to make a balloon travel, not *with*, but *through* the air; in the same manner as a boat, instead of being floated along with the stream, is made to move in an independent course through the water. In short, we want what, if we may coin a word for the purpose, we may call a *dirigible* balloon.

The Montgolfiers, in 1783, discussed the use of oars, and Guyton de Morveau, in the following year, made some experiments at Dijon with analogous contrivances. But no useful result was obtained, and the question does not appear to have been studied, with any earnest attention to its mechanical conditions, until the middle of the present century.

The nature of these conditions may best be learnt by considering the analogous case of a boat; not a sailing boat which is moved by external power, but a rowing boat or a steamer in which the

power is internal. In such a vessel the motion is produced by oars, paddles, or screws, the surfaces of which are impelled against the circumambient fluid by mechanical power; the reaction sends the vessel forward, and when the motion through the fluid is once obtained, the *direction* is determined by that simple and beautiful contrivance, the rudder.

According to this, in order to make our balloon move through the air, it must be provided with propelling apparatus, propelling power, and a rudder. And, as a further condition, derived from aquatic analogy, it must have such a form as will offer the least resistance in its passage through the air. If these conditions are complied with, we shall certainly get a dirigible balloon, and they involve nothing that is at variance with mechanical knowledge, or that is beyond the scope of mechanical skill. The first good attempt to make such a balloon was in 1852 by a French engineer, M. Henri Giffard. He was then young and unknown, but his name has since become famous on other grounds. He had evidently studied the subject well, and had arrived at a thoroughly practical appreciation of the necessary conditions. Abandoning the globular shape, as offering too much resistance, and following the analogy of the lines of a vessel, he constructed an oblong pointed balloon, to the stern of which he attached a rudder, and in the car he carried a small steam-engine which worked a screw, formed of sails like a windmill. M. Giffard's balloon was about one hundred and fifty feet long, and forty feet diameter. It contained eighty-eight thousand cubic feet, and was filled with coal gas. The engine was three-horse power, weighing three hundredweight, and it turned the screw one hundred and ten revolutions per minute. It was a daring thing to put the furnace of a steam-engine so near to a huge reservoir of highly inflammable gas; but M. Giffard adopted, among other precautions, the ingenious device of turning the chimney *downwards*, producing the draught by the steam-blast, as in the locomotive-engine; and he considered himself free from any danger of fire.

The ascent took place from the Hippodrome in Paris on the 24th September, the signal to "let go" being given by the steam-whistle. The wind was strong, and M. Giffard did not expect to hold against it; he found, however, that he could make a headway through the air of

* The present mode of doing this, involving a continual loss of gas and ballast, and a consequent waste of ascending power, is very imperfect: it was one of Mr. Green's objects, in the invention of the guide-rope, to ameliorate the evil, by providing a kind of ballast which could be discharged temporarily, and taken in again; and no doubt this expedient, combined with a perfectly impermeable envelope, would much extend the limit of balloon voyages. There is, however, great room for improvement in this particular.

five to seven miles an hour; and this enabled him to execute various manœuvres of circular motion with perfect success. The action of the rudder was very sensitive. No sooner, he says, did he pull gently one of the cords, than he saw the horizon turn round him like the moving picture in a panorama. He rose to a height of nearly six thousand feet, but, the night approaching, he put out his fire, and descended safely in a field near Elancourt.*

In 1855 M. Giffard constructed another balloon, of larger dimensions, which confirmed the previous results; but he found that before the direction could be completely commanded, many improvements were necessary which would take time. His attention was just then occupied on other mechanical inventions,† but he did not neglect the subject, for, in the great captive balloons erected by him in 1867 and 1868, he perfected several of the improvements he had in contemplation, in particular the impermeability of the envelope, a more mechanical construction of the valves, and a better and

cheaper mode of preparing pure hydrogen.

During the siege of Paris, the earnest desire to get a return-post to the city again called attention to the subject of dirigible balloons. In October 1870, M. Dupuy de Lôme, the eminent naval architect to the French government, obtained a grant of sixteen hundred pounds for experiments, and he proceeded to construct an apparatus, which was in progress when the Communist insurrection broke out and stopped the proceedings. On peace being restored, M. de Lôme resumed the work at his own cost, and the trial was made on the 2nd of February, 1872. He has given a full account of his proceedings in several papers of the "*Comptes-rendus*"* of the Academy of Sciences. His balloon was elongated, 120 feet long, and fifty feet diameter, containing 122,000 cubic feet, and it was filled with hydrogen. It had a triangular rudder, and the car carried a screw-propeller of two sails, thirty feet diameter, intended to be turned by four men, a relay-gang being also taken up to relieve them. M. de Lôme considered it essential that the balloon should preserve its form in spite of any escape of gas, and, to ensure this, he placed, inside the large envelope, a smaller balloon, which could be filled with air from the car when required.

The ascent took place at Vincennes, with M. de Lôme and thirteen other persons in the car. In the early exposition of his objects he had stated that he did not aim at attaining any great independent speed; the important point was to get such a moderate control over the course as should render it possible for balloons to return into Paris, and he believed that a motion through the air of about five miles (eight kilometres) per hour would suffice for this purpose. Soon after leaving the ground the screw was put in motion, and, on the rudder being taken in hand, its influence was at once observable. The wind was high, blowing from the south-west, with a velocity varying from twenty-seven to thirty-seven miles an hour, and all that could be hoped for was to produce a moderate deviation in the direction of the flight. This was accomplished, as, when the screw was put to work, and the head of the balloon set at right angles to the wind, a deviation was obtained of ten

* M. Emile de Girardin, in noticing (*La Presse*, 25 Sept. 1752) this experiment of M. Giffard, whom he calls the Fulton of aerial navigation, makes the following remarks:—

"Est-il pour la France une solution plus importante que celle du problème de la navigation aérienne? La navigation maritime à vapeur a changé toutes les conditions relatives d'existence insulaire et européenne de la Grande Bretagne; ce que l'Angleterre pouvait entreprendre il y a cinquante ans contre la France elle ne pourrait plus l'essayer sans s'exposer aux terribles représailles d'un débarquement qui pourrait faire craindre à la ville de Londres le sort de la ville de Copenhague.

"La navigation à vapeur peut également changer toutes les conditions relatives de puissance continentale et militaire de la Russie. En effet, on comprend que toutes les combinaisons de la guerre seront changées le jour où, au lieu de lancer certains projectiles, il n'y aura plus qu'à les laisser tomber au milieu d'un carré d'infanterie.

"Ce n'est là qu'un des points par lesquels la navigation aérienne à vapeur s'élève à la hauteur d'une immense question politique."

The following letter on the same subject was written at a later date to Gaston Tissandier:

"Hauteville House, 9 mars 1869.

"Je crois, Monsieur, à tous les progrès. La navigation aérienne est consécutive à la navigation océanique; de l'eau l'homme doit passer à l'air. Partout où la création lui sera respirable, l'homme pénétrera dans la création. Notre seule limite est la vie. Là où cesse la colonne d'air dont la pression empêche notre machine d'éclater, l'homme doit s'arrêter. Mais il peut, doit, et veut aller jusque-là et il ira. . . . Certes, l'avenir est à la navigation aérienne, et le devoir du présent est de travailler à l'avenir.

"VICTOR HUGO."

"*Voyages Aériens*."—(French edition only.)

† M. Giffard has acquired great fame by his invention of the "injector," an apparatus now applied almost universally to locomotives, and which is one of the most remarkable and novel applications of science to engineering.

* Vol. lxxi. 1870, p. 502; and vol. lxxiv. 1872, p. 337.

or eleven degrees, showing an independent motion through the air of five to seven and one-half miles an hour, produced by the machinery. The descent was made safely about ninety miles from Paris.

As a matter of fact, M. Dupuy de Lôme does not seem to have accomplished much beyond what M. Giffard had done previously; and it is to be regretted that both M. Giffard and he should have left the subject where it is; but fortunately, guided by the data obtained, we may form an idea, much more satisfactory than heretofore, of the position of the question, and of the prospects of the invention for the future.

In the first place, the possibility of constructing, on principles analogous to those of aquatic navigation, a buoyant aerial screw-ship, which shall have a form of small resistance, which shall be stable and easy to manage, and which shall obey her rudder, has been fully established; there only remain the questions what power is necessary to give such a vessel a certain speed through the air; what amount of power can be carried; and how that power may be applied.

The relation between power and speed has been carefully investigated by M. de Lôme on sound mechanical principles, checked by the actual data of aquatic navigation, and although their application to this problem is new, they seem to have been confirmed by experiment so far as the limited trial extended. M. de Lôme calculated beforehand that to give a speed of five miles an hour would require a net expenditure of about three-tenths of a horse-power; * for which, allowing for loss, he allotted four men, or four-tenths of a horse-power. In the actual experiment he found that eight men (or six-tenths of a horse-power net) gave 6.4 miles per hour, which is sufficient confirmation, the power varying, according to a well-known rule, as the cube of the speed. Hence to give ten miles an hour would require two and a half horse-

power, twenty miles twenty horse-power, and so on.

The form of power adopted by M. de Lôme, namely human effort, involved an enormous waste of weight; and in reasoning on what may be done, we have a right to assume a more economical arrangement. A horse-power in the shape of ten men, with a relay of five, weighs about a ton; but in the steam-engine this may be reduced very largely. Giffard's engine and boiler weighed one hundred and twelve pounds per horse-power; in some boats lately working on the Thames * the weight was only sixty or seventy pounds, and in other instances it has been reduced still lower.

To keep up the power, we may estimate that the engine will require, per horse-power per hour, three to five pounds of fuel and twenty-five to twenty-eight pounds of water. But by an ingenious "air surface condenser," lately introduced by Mr. Perkins, the water evaporated may be recovered and used over again, and M. Giffard has pointed out that the fuel and water lost would take the place of the ballast usually put in the car.

We should be quite within actual practice in estimating for each horse-power, one hundred pounds weight of engine, boiler, and condenser, and ten pounds for each hour's consumption. Hence, as M. de Lôme's balloon had, after allowing for his entire apparatus and machinery, about four thousand six hundred pounds disposable buoyancy, we find he could carry a twenty-horse engine, and keep up a speed of twenty miles an hour for thirteen hours. By enlarging the balloon, say to one hundred feet diameter, we should get an available buoyancy of twenty tons, which would enable a speed of twenty miles an hour to be kept up for twenty-four hours, and still leave some seven or eight tons free.

These calculations are formed, be it observed, on data already existing; we have made no allowance for the improvements that would naturally arise when the attention of ingenious men was drawn to the subject, and when actual experience had been gained. The application of high power would doubtless require many alterations in construction, and much study of detail, and there is every probability that in the course of this study by skillful engineers such ameliorations

* The power required to propel the balloon depends largely on the value of the coefficient representing the reduction of resistance due to the form or to the *lines* of the vessel. There is little experience of this for the air, but M. de Lôme asserts by the analogy of ships, that it may be as low as 1-40 or even 1-80. Allowing for resistances of the car and net, and for other defects, he has in his calculations brought it out at a mean value of 1-10; and adopting this, we have the following formula. If d = largest diameter of balloon in feet, and v = velocity through the air in miles per hour, then the net horse-power required will be in round numbers—

$$H.P. = \frac{d^2 v^3}{1,000,000}$$

* Trans. Inst. of Naval Architects, 1872, p. 269. Paper by Mr. F. J. Bramwell, F.R.S.

would be brought about as would result in the attainment of higher speeds than we have above taken credit for.

Let us only, for the sake of argument, assume that we could attain for our balloons an independent velocity of twenty-five miles an hour through the air; it is worth while to inquire what that would do towards the solution of the great problem of aerial locomotion.

We have here to consider the effect of the wind. According to the best tables, what may be called an ordinary breeze blows between ten and twenty miles an hour, a strong breeze between twenty and thirty, a high wind between thirty and forty, and a gale up to fifty or more. The average velocity of balloons carried along by the wind has been found to be about twenty-five miles an hour, and we may fairly assume that the current is as often below as above this velocity. Hence it follows that for half the days in the year we might have the power, by properly constructed dirigible balloons, of navigating the air as we pleased, in any direction. If the wind were for us, we should make thirty to fifty miles an hour; if against us, we should go slowly, but, as the French sailor said, "Please God, we should certainly arrive." In the other half of the year, when the wind exceeded the velocity we could command, we must give up the idea of steaming against it; but even then our steering power would give us very great advantage in deviating from the wind's direction. An example will make this clear. Suppose that a high wind were blowing from the west, with a velocity of forty miles an hour (the highest, perhaps, that it would be prudent to attempt a voyage with), we could not go anywhere westerly, or even due north or south, but, by the aid of our independent speed of twenty-five miles, we could command any course we pleased between north-east and south-east, giving us still a very large and useful range; and what we lost in this respect we should gain in swiftness, as our velocity running east would be sixty-five miles an hour.

Then one most important use of dirigibility would be in facilitating the descent, and in avoiding the many dangers to which the aeronaut, in his present helpless position, is so often exposed. He could choose his place of landing with precision, bearing right or left at pleasure, and, turning his head to the wind, he could get rid of, or largely diminish, the dragging which is so dangerous, and which has so often brought a fatal termination to balloon voyages. Indeed, with ordi-

nary precautions in the construction and management of the apparatus, a dirigible balloon would furnish one of the safest, as well as one of the swiftest and pleasantest, modes of locomotion.

And, further, it must be borne in mind that the increased frequency of balloon voyages would lead to a more careful practical study of the atmospheric conditions bearing on them. We may, indeed, conclude that the future use of balloons will probably depend on a moderate steering facility, combined with the power of taking advantage of the best circumstances of wind and weather; and we do not doubt that with such a combination, well studied, and wrought out with the skill of which the present age is capable, the balloon has the power to become a really useful machine.

We have had no space in this article to speak of flying. There are many students of aerial locomotion who profess a contempt for the balloon, as a mere plaything, and consider that the only proper solution of the problem is by a flying-machine, which shall sustain itself in the air, like a bird, by mechanical means. They disdain floating power, which, they say, birds do not possess, and which is, therefore, unnecessary. It would be just as reasonable to propose, on analogous grounds, to abolish boats and substitute swimming-machines. The "*plus lourde que l'air*" doctrine is a delusion, founded on the mechanical blunder of confounding gravity and momentum, which are two distinct things. It is a more reasonable objection that a balloon, from its large size, must offer a great resistance to the air at high speeds, but this resistance has been enormously overrated,* and it is a cheap price at which to acquire the fulfilment of the first condition of aerial locomotion—that of overcoming the action of gravity. At all events, a dirigible balloon is a thing actually in existence; a flying-machine is, at present, only an idea.

* The resistance to M. de Lôme's balloon, of 122,000 cubic feet, at 5 miles an hour, was only 21 1-2 lbs.; at 20 miles an hour, it would be 344 lbs.

From Temple Bar.

A MONTH IN A JAPANESE FARMHOUSE.

WHEN my lungs are full of London smoke, my brain worn with the strain of work, my heart sickened within me by disappointments inseparable from a life

of business — when, in short, my system is lowered, as my doctor tells me, by overwork and confinement, and I pine for peace and quiet, for bright sun and blue sky, for the rippling of streams and the sighing of soft summer gales through the green woods, then my soul turns longingly to a little spot fourteen thousand miles away, where I once found all these to my heart's content.

I have looked upon the much-vaunted beauties of many a European landscape. I have also struck out from the beaten paths of travel, and, trusting mainly to a compass, a smattering of the language, and a pair of long legs, wandered in search of the picturesque and found it in every form and variety in quaint little out-of-the-way nooks and corners. Besides this, I have seen in all the four continents nature in every aspect, pretty, grand, and awful; but of all the bright beauty-spots on the fair face of this earth, give me the little Japanese village of Meyangashi, fourteen thousand miles away from where I now write in the heart of this great city.

Were Meyangashi four hundred miles away instead, I should not thus publish its attractions to the world, for it would be but a sorry return for all that it did for me, the health it gave back to me, the gloomy, fever-born fancies it dispelled, were I to bring upon it a yearly invasion of tourists, who would soon stifle its calm, tranquil existence, turn its picturesque temple into a Kursaal, poison its honesty, and, probably, change my cheery, attentive, simple-minded old host into a sordid, cheating harpy of a landlord, and his low thatched farmhouse into a hotel; but Meyangashi, is, as I have said before, fourteen thousand miles away, and, in spite of "Captain Cook," hotel-coupons, and circular tours, it will be for many years to come — in fact until human ingenuity devises a scheme for being in two places at once, or establishes a regular balloon service between London and Yeddo — much the same as when I first saw it.

It is about thirty-five miles from the settlement of Yokohama, so that it is five miles or so outside the "treaty limits," which is an imaginary *cordon* drawn round Yokohama with a radius of thirty miles; beyond which the "foreigner" is forbidden to pass. The Japanese authorities, however, did not enforce a very strict observance of this rule, and I never heard of any slight transgressions of it leading to any

disagreeable results. Some years ago, soon after having risen from a bed of sickness, I found myself, together with a friend, in this haven of rest. Fever had held me in its burning grasp for many weeks, and, when it had at last let go its hold, had left me weak in mind and body. The doctors recommended an immediate return to England, but there were cogent reasons for my staying abroad a year or two longer if I could possibly manage it. With painful indecision I wavered between the two courses: on the one hand I longed for the old country, and felt that it alone could restore me; on the other, if I left Japan just then, years of exile and toil would have been spent in vain. I had borne the heat and burden of the day, and when the fruit of my labours was nearly ripe, it was hard to leave it to be plucked by other hands; and so the struggle went on. At last a middle course opened before me, and along it I steered to a happy solution of my perplexities. An old schoolfellow happened to be in the regiment quartered at Yokohama, and, on his suggestion and promise of bearing me company, I determined to try a month at Meyangashi, and then, if that did no good, to throw overboard every other consideration, and steer for England.

Burton — I shall call him Burton — was just the companion for a broken-down invalid. He was cheery without being noisy, and there was a manly heartiness about him that made you feel you had something strong and stout to lean on, though, at the same time, he could be as gentle as a woman. He was also full of vitality, though not oppressively so to one who had nearly lost all his. To Burton, then, I trusted myself, feeling every confidence in his nature to cope with and overcome the difficulties of a Japanese journey in the shape of lazy coolies, idle truant *bettoes*,* and refractory, shoe-casting, knee-breaking ponies. After determining on this step, I left all the arrangements entirely to him, as I was too despondent and weak to attend to anything myself. Thus empowered, he, with his usual energy, fixed the period for our departure at three days' distance, and at once set off himself to Meyangashi to engage rooms in advance. In a couple of days he returned with the intelligence that there was no tea-house† where we could put up, but that he had engaged part

* Native grooms or horse-boys.

† Inn.

of a farmhouse. It was all the same to me, and the next morning we started on our ponies, Burton having previously despatched at daybreak the baggage by half a dozen coolies, who, together with our *bettoes*, were to await us at a place called Atchungi, where we were to break the journey and sleep on my account.

To my surprise Burton had ridden up to my bungalow at the appointed hour with a cavalcade of brother officers who, he explained, happened to be starting for some temples on the road towards Yeddo, and, as our way for the first few miles lay in the same direction, we all rode on together. The morning was fine, the companionship was pleasant, the temples they were bound for one of the lions of Japan I had not seen, and so Burton and myself determined to accompany them to their destination, as it would not be many miles out of our way and he said he knew where he could strike off into a bye-path leading into the direct road to Atchungi.

Our way, to within two or three miles of the temples, lay along the Tokaido — the main road of Japan, or rather it may be called a street, for, with few intervals, there are houses on either side along its entire length of about six hundred miles. It was along this Tokaido, about a year before, that Mr. Richardson, a British merchant, was brutally murdered by the retainers of a *daimio* (a native prince or nobleman) who was travelling in state along the route. The unfortunate gentleman was at the time accompanied by a lady and two gentlemen on horseback, and, unhappily for them, they met this procession. They rode on, however, keeping well to one side of the road, and encountering nothing worse than the scowls and muttered curses of the armed retainers, until the great man himself was borne past reclining in his *norimon*,* scornfully surveying the adventurous *tojins*; † when, either upon some signal given by him, or from some sudden outburst of fanatical feeling, out flashed the keen two-handed swords, and the unfortunate Richardson was cut down.

"Gallop back for dear life!" was now the cry, and getting the lady between them, they plied whip and spur in the direction of Yokohama, which they eventually reached safe, but not sound; the two gentleman's horses were terribly gashed and cut; they themselves were frightfully wounded. Mr. C—— had his arm

disabled for life, and Mr. M—— will carry to his grave the marks of those deadly two-handed swords. His horse was hacked in all directions, but, like a faithful servant, he carried his master in safety into the settlement, and then almost immediately dropped down dead.

It was always with rather an uncomfortable feeling that, in our rides abroad, we met any of these powerful *daimios'* processions, knowing that merely the whim of a capricious tyrant, or the fanaticism of bigoted unreasoning men, might bring on us the fate of Richardson.

So conscious was the government of its inability to keep these *daimios* and their retainers in check, and so afraid was it of finding itself embroiled in serious complications in consequence of some similar outrage, that whenever one of these processions was to pass in the vicinity of Yokohama, a notice was invariably sent to all the legations and consulates, that on such and such a day a certain *daimio* would travel in state along a certain route, and that it would be expedient for all foreigners to keep out of the way. This warning was generally promulgated by means of the local press, and any one riding along the proscribed route did so at his own risk.

Whether on the occasion I am about to speak of the usual warning had not been given; or whether none of us had happened to see it; or whether, which is still more likely, we disregarded it with true national foolhardiness, I forget; but at all events we fell foul of one of these processions, though luckily without any serious consequences.

I must explain that all along the Tokaido, at certain intervals, commodious and well-fitted-up tea-houses are set apart exclusively for the accommodation of *daimios* and officials of high rank who may be travelling to or from Yeddo with their retinues. We had proceeded about ten miles along this great highroad, and had nearly reached our destination, when, just as we were passing one of these large official tea-houses, a few *yaconins** came out, and, with somewhat swaggering gesture, barred our further progress. They told us that one of the Mikado's *daimios* and his suite were resting inside the tea-house, and that foreigners would not be allowed to ride past; "but," added they, "if you dismount and lead your horses by in all humility, you may pass on." To this we objected, and, as

* A species of sedan-chair.
† Foreigners.

* Officers entitled to carry two swords.

we were all armed with revolvers, were thirteen in number, and felt ourselves for the time representatives of our nation and exponents of its characteristic determination and pluck, were about to force our passage, when, as if by magic, scores of these two-sworded *yaconins*, looking fierce and determined, poured out of the tea-house, apparently eager for a fray and an opportunity of trying the sharpness of their blades on our bodies; while the shopkeepers and people, acting apparently under the *yaconins'* directions, formed in a few moments, for about fifty yards down the street, a series of barricades, by piling up shutters, tables, benches, and anything else they could lay their hands on.

On this we held a short council of war, and while we were so engaged, the *yaconins*, who must have numbered by this time quite a hundred, as if aware of the purport of our conversation, threw back their large voluminous sleeves ready to draw, and stood defiantly awaiting our decision the while they eyed us, as much as to say, "Choose—advance and be made mince-meat of, though you may shoot down one or two of us, or retire in safety!" The former alternative, which a glance at the overwhelming numbers of armed men before us was sufficient to convince us would be our fate, was unpleasant to contemplate; and so, coming to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valour, we rode back, with indignation in our hearts, but—what we have found of more practical use to us since—whole skins on our bodies.

We may all thank our lucky stars that this magnate happened to be taking his ease at the inn, and that we did not meet him in procession, for, from what we afterwards heard, he turned out to be one of the most powerful and overbearing of the Mikado's nobles, half-priest, half-statesman, in fact a sort of Cardinal Wolsey; and even to have looked at him would probably have drawn upon us the wrath of his armed attendants.

Soon after this Burton and myself parted from the rest, and striking off to our right in a short time got into the silk-district, which commences three or four miles out of Yokohama, and extends for about twelve miles to Atchungi. It is a perfectly level plain covered with regularly planted dwarfed mulberry-trees, and traversed by one broad path running towards Atchungi, with smaller ones branching off from it at regular intervals

and at right angles; so that it may be easily imagined this part of our journey, as far as scenery was concerned, was most decidedly monotonous; and it was to our intense gratification that the aspect of the country abruptly changed from everything that was flat and tame to everything that was picturesque and pretty, and we found ourselves, in a few moments after leaving the plain, at the little village of Atchungi.

The tea-house where we were to dine and put up for the night, was charmingly situated in the midst of a belt of tall trees, and, with its neatly-thatched roof and cleanly-swept yard, formed a picture the very sight of which brought a sense of rest and ease to the weary wayfarer. I know it did to me. I was completely fagged out and saddle-weary with the unusual exertion, and for the last few miles had drooped almost into a state of utter collapse; but as the sight of the pleasant little inn suddenly burst upon my aching eyes, a feeling of relief at once stole over me.

Our *bettoes* were on the look-out for us, and led our ponies away to be fed and watered, while we entered the tea-house, receiving a cheery welcome in Japanese style from our host. I felt inclined to do nothing but throw myself down, just as I was, on the clean matting of our little room, and rest my aching limbs, but Burton, in whose hands I entirely was, willed otherwise.

"No, my dear fellow," he said, "I tell you what you'll do. You're dead beat, and no mistake. You'll first have a tepid bath, and get into some comfortable clothes, then you can have a *siesta* for about an hour, and then, after a short stroll, even if it's only fifty yards down the village street and back again, we'll have our dinner."

I consented, as I would have consented to anything Burton told me, and was led away to my bath without more ado. In Japan, even in the lowliest inns, the traveller's request for a bath is never met with that stare of blank astonishment which often attends the demand in our own and every other European country. I know in Ireland once, I asked for a bath, and they brought me a bread-pan; and, on another occasion, in France, I could get no nearer the article than a horse-trough; while in England and Germany the request has more than once led to a serious breach of the peace between myself and the landlord.

In Japan, on the contrary, there would

be much more surprise felt if the traveller did *not* ask for one. There were no preparations required, no rushing about of chambermaids, no turning on this and off that — everything was quite ready, and I was at once conducted to a huge wooden bath with a small earthen furnace let in at the foot, and a lid enclosing the whole of the top with the exception of a space just big enough for the head of the bather to emerge through. In one of these contrivances, with a small furnace burning gaily, a Japanese, after his day's work is over, will sit calmly boiling himself with the lid on, and the water bubbling about him at boiling heat. He seems, however, to like it uncommonly, to judge from the pleased expression on his face fast deepening under the process into beetroot-like tints: and when he has, at last, had enough — about an hour of it — he takes off the lid and emerges as much like a boiled lobster as a human being can become.

My bath was quite ready; the small furnace glowed with five pieces of charcoal; the water bubbled merrily, and my companion of the bath, taking off the lid, invited me to enter. Not being, however, either a Japanese, a blue lobster, or a potato, I did not see any particular object in being boiled, and so had the fuel raked out of the furnace and a few buckets of cold water added before I got in. When I did get in, though, after these alterations in the arrangements, I found it most grateful, and, as I lay reposing my aching limbs, I heard Burton in the back yard going through the more invigorating process of having buckets full of cold water, just drawn from the well, dashed over him by his *betto*.

After my bath and a change of clothes, Burton administered a little weak brandy and water; and, with a delicious sense of repose, I lay on a soft bed with Japanese quilts, made up by my kind nurse. In a few minutes I sunk off into a slumber, and when I awoke about an hour later, Burton was at my side, urging me to come out for a short stroll before dinner, just to shake off the lassitude following a *siesta*. Leaning on his arm, we sauntered down the village street, saluted with cheery nods and "*ohio's*" (good-day) from the villagers, as they sat at their evening meals, or in their evening tubs at the doors of their dwellings. We then walked back to our dinner, which we discussed in Japanese fashion, and with the paper screens of our apartment drawn back, much to the delight of a crowd of

chubby little urchins, who gathered outside, watching with intense interest our performances with the knives and forks — to them, implements of strange shape and use.

There is a good deal of homely tradition about a village inn. It is always looked upon as a snug little hot-bed of comfort, gossip, and good fellowship; and, from the merry group we saw later in the evening gathered in the public part of the establishment, this particular one at Atchungi seemed to fully bear out the tradition, and to possess all these attributes, though in a Japanese garb. There were no sanded floors, no glowing fires and snug chimney-corners, no long churchwarden pipes, no pots of ale; but there was a scrupulously clean matted floor (heaven help the unfortunate wight who omitted to slip off his wooden shoes before stepping on it!) and a great wooden box holding their charcoal brazier, called a *shebashi*, around which they all sat cross-legged, sipping their *saki* or tea out of diminutive little cups, and smoking their small pipes — men and women alike. They are a laughter-loving race, and many a joke was cracked to shouts of loud merriment; but the fun reached its climax when Burton took his seat amongst them, and in his broken Japanese, engaged them in friendly "chaff" all round.

Later on in the evening, when the gloom of night had shut out the fair sylvan scene from our view, and as, with the paper screens still drawn back, we sat (or rather, as I lay, and Burton sat) talking, the glimmer of a swinging lantern in the distance, and the regular shouting chorus of coolies carrying a load, heralded the approach of travellers. In a few more minutes we could see, by the light of the lantern, a *yaconin* alight from his *norimon*, and, after carefully taking out his two swords from the rests made expressly for them in front of his chair, enter the tea-house. This new arrival was, later on, followed by two more *yaconins*; and, in their honour I suppose, and for their entertainment, the greater part of the night was made hideous by the twanging of guitars and the screeching of women's voices to the accompaniment.

I passed a feverish night, and the next morning I felt so weak and unstrung, that we were nearly giving up all idea of the trip to Meyangashi, and returning to Yokohama instead. Even Burton seemed to lose his decision of character,

and to be thoroughly at a loss to know which course to recommend. As long as my health was merely a question of convalescence, fresh air, change, and time, were all the doctors I required; but a relapse, at the best of times to be dreaded, was to be doubly so when far away from medical aid and home comforts. This latter contingency, I saw, was at the bottom of Burton's indecision, but as I could not bear to see the dear good fellow looking so worried and disappointed at the failure of his scheme, at the very outset, too, I plucked up my courage and announced my fixed determination to go on. Riding was out of the question. I could not have sat in a saddle for a mile; and so a *kango* and a couple of coolies were engaged to carry me for the remainder of the journey. I have spoken of a *norimon* and a *kango*, both in the sense of something in which to be carried. They are both species of *palanguins*, but one is of a more comfortable and superior description than the other. The *kango*, in fact, may be said to bear the same relation to a *norimon* that a hack-cab does to a brougham. A *kango*, with its attendant coolies, can be hired for a small sum, but a *norimon* is generally private property.

While making a few final preparations before our start, the three *yaconins*, to whom we owed the musical entertainment of the night before, made their appearance on the scene, also about to take their departure. He of the *norimon* had travelled in this way a hundred and fifty miles from an inland district, principally to behold the wondrous *tojins* in Yokohama and Yeddo, the fame of whom had, doubtless, spread all over the country. He was a particularly dignified and good-looking man, but seemed deeply imbued with the conservative ideas of the interior, if we might judge from the glance of scorn and defiance he threw at us, as he stepped into his *norimon*. We were the first foreigners he had seen, and the sight of us, coolly standing on the sacred soil of his forefathers, seemed to make his blood boil. The other two, who travelled on horseback, and with whom we entered into a short conversation, were more liberal in their opinions, and had had their minds expanded by a sojourn in Yeddo, and occasional visits to Yokohama; indeed, one of them was so far a convert to civilization as to have discarded the national dress, and donned a suit of black broadcloth and butcher boots. The other still retained the flow-

ing robes and the sandals of his country, thus affording us the opportunity of comparing the two styles of dress, the old and the new; and I am bound to admit that our verdict was entirely in favour of the former. The one in his native garments looked dignified, easy, and graceful; while he in the broadcloth suit looked monkeyish, awkward, and constrained, and was also as much embarrassed by his swords, stuck into a new-fangled shoulder-belt, as a stage captain. He had great difficulty in getting on his boots, and as he walked very gingerly in them to his pony, with his face screwed up into an expression of pain, was freely "chaffed" by his companion. There is no doubt the European dress does not become the Japanese style of beauty. Had these two men exchanged clothes, the remarks already applied to each might have been, with equal truth, reversed. Besides this, the fashion has brought to light a trait that might, otherwise, have remained forever hidden in their loose flowing garments, and that is, *bandiness*. There is no doubt of it—as a race they are bandy. I don't wish to be personal, but any one can see this for himself in the streets of London now, any day of the week. But it is a prosperous nation, and so I suppose we may say of it, as Mrs. Gamp said of Mrs. Harris's sixth infant, that "thrive it does, though bandy."

After a few moments' conversation, the two *yaconins* bade us "*Syonara!*" (good-bye—to our ears the prettiest, softest-sounding farewell word in any language), and, as we watched them riding away, we noticed that the European saddle, in which he of the broadcloth suit rode, seemed to be as new and uncomfortable to him as his boots; for he rolled about in it in a way which elicited much laughter from his companion, who himself sat as upright and steady, in his high-peaked one, as a life-guardsmen on parade.

I have been so long in getting to Meyangashi, that the remainder of the journey must be got over as quickly as possible. It was accomplished by me in my *kango*, and by Burton on foot; and in point of picturesque beauty made up for the monotony of the previous day's ride through that dull waste of mulberry-trees which nothing, I should think, but a silkworm could have appreciated. I cannot say I thoroughly enjoyed the scenery, for to enjoy anything one must be comfortable, and I most decidedly

was *not*. My conveyance was simply nothing but a bamboo cage slung on a single pole—essentially an uncomfortable contrivance, but now rendered doubly so by one bearer being a species of Chang and the other a sort of Tom Thumb. In vain I tried to accommodate myself to circumstances. First I sat cross-legged like a Japanese, but this speedily led to such a seizure of cramp that I had to be shaken up by Burton like one of the aged Smallweeds. Then I tried my legs dangling out on either side, but they were long, and got entangled with roadside objects. Then I thrust them through the roof, but this soon resulted in a serious determination of blood to the head, which, although unpleasant, still afforded me the gloomy satisfaction of feeling that there was *some* blood left in my body and that the fever had not drunk it all up, which any one, to have looked at me, would have supposed. Then I tried them both hanging out on the same side; but this destroyed the balance, and resulted in a capsizing into a moist rice-field; and then after this, coming to the conclusion that it was useless for any one not a Japanese born to try and ride in a *kango*, unless he had the power of previously leaving his backbone and legs at home, I took Burton's arm, and toiled along for some miles, until I got into a sufficiently limp state even for a *kango*, and was accordingly folded up and packed away in it for the remainder of the journey.

The way, for many miles, lay along a path cut in the side of a mountain, from which we looked down upon winding streams and numerous villages and hamlets. I have often heard that in the eyes of a thoroughbred cockney there is no view so lovely as that of his beloved London chimney-tops. I have never, however, been able to enter into his feelings, but were a *Nippon** to say this of his native village, I could at once understand him, as nothing can be more picturesque than the view of a Japanese village seen from a height, when nothing but its housetops is visible; for on the summit of the beautifully thatched roofs the iris plant grows and flowers in luxurious profusion. Why this particular plant, of all others, should be alone exalted to this elevated position, I know not, for then, when I could have found out, I never had the curiosity, which I have now when I cannot, to ask the ques-

tion; but there they are, proclaiming from the very housetops that taste for the beautiful which imbues the whole of Japan, and penetrates even to its cottages and hovels.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Meyangashi, and, to our chagrin, instead of finding our rooms in the farmhouse swept and garnished for our reception, we were considerably disconcerted by the sight of our coolies and *bettoes* sitting on our luggage, piled up at the entrance of the village, while our ponies browsed on an adjacent bank.

On seeing us, the coolies and *bettoes* hastened towards us, gesticulating excitedly, and jabbering all at the same time. There was evidently some important intelligence to be communicated, but as each one, with that truly human feeling, strove hard, at the top of his voice, to be himself the bearer of the news, we were unable to make anything out of the confused jargon. At last, Burton having silenced the coolies and reduced the general chorus to a simple duet by our two *bettoes*, we learned that some *yaconins* had arrived in the village on the previous day, and had taken up their quarters in the very farmhouse we had engaged, the people of which, now in fear and trembling, denied all knowledge of the *tojins*.

"Confound these two-sworded fellows! they're the *bêtes-noires* of the country. This is the second time, in the same day, we've fallen foul of them," said Burton with hearty emphasis, as he strode away to see what he could do.

I extricated my cramped limbs from my cage, and sat down on the luggage, to await the result of Burton's search for lodgings; and, while thus employed, I paid the two *kango* coolies, Chang and Tom Thumb. To the latter I presented an extra *itchiboo* (about eighteen-pence), as a salve for sundry hard words I had hurled at him when in the agonies of cramp, the recollection of which now smote me reproachfully as I observed his bare shoulders, seared and scarred by the *kango* pole. This *amende honorable* evoked such a spirit of gratitude and confidence, that I was at once treated to a relation of his professional cares and troubles. He announced his positive determination of dissolving, at the earliest opportunity, partnership with Chang. He could stand it no longer, he said. It nearly always ended in their passengers becoming so enraged by the constant slipping forward, if he were in front, or the incessant sliding back if he were be-

* The Japanese call themselves *Nippons*.

hind, as to at last jump out, in ungovernable fury, and vent their wrath on his shoulders; for, being the little one, he was always pitched upon, while Chang always calmly embraced the opportunity for a rest and a few whiffs of his pipe.

This tale of woe had only just come to a conclusion—for the little man waxed eloquent and diffuse over his wrongs—when Burton returned with the intelligence that he had succeeded in getting rooms in another farmhouse close by; and thither we at once adjourned, bag and baggage.

He had had great difficulty, it appeared, in getting anything; for the presence of these *yaconins* in the village had made the people unusually punctilious about the "treaty limits," and timid of harbouring foreigners. One kind-hearted, cheery old Japanese, however, on Burton representing to him how ill I was, and that I should probably die if left out for the night, had allowed his humanity to get the better of his fears, and had consented to take us in.

Our domicile was in the regular style of Japanese farmhouses—a one-storied building of wood and clay, with a high thatched roof projecting over a broad verandah, which went all round the house. The windows and doors were the usual sliding panels of wooden frame-work, covered with paper, while outside these again, for night use, was a rather more substantial protection against the cold and robbers, in the shape of stout wooden shutters.

Our apartment—our host had a numerous family and could only let us have one room—was a small though scrupulously clean one, and its sole furniture, besides the straw mattresses on the floor, consisted of a *shebashi* or charcoal-box, and a Japanese paper lamp. However, Burton, in the most wonderful manner, soon managed, out of a few odds and ends we had brought with us, to impart an air of tolerable comfort to the place.

I was stiff and fatigued with my journey in the *kango*, and, as on the previous day, I had a warm bath, which here again there was not the slightest difficulty in obtaining at a moment's notice. It was exactly the same contrivance as the one at Atchungi—in fact, the pattern is universal—and the only preparation required was its removal indoors, its usual place being in the front yard, where the family performed their ablutions *al fresco*.

After my bath and a short rest, Burton took me out for a stroll, to be introduced

to the beauties of the place. It certainly was a charming little spot. We were down in a rich narrow valley, with thickly wooded hills all round, their different shades of green lighted up with gaudy patches of azalea which grew and clustered about the large trees in the wildest profusion. Part of the village nestled down in the valley, but another portion clung about the sides of a small but steep hill, as if crowding towards its temple for protection, for on the extreme summit of the eminence, in a commanding position, and in the midst of a rich wood, stood the sacred edifice, mounting guard, as it were, over the peaceful spot. So thought I as I looked at the dark sombre groves surrounding it and adding so much to its sacred character; and, as if further to colour this fancy, just at the moment, the deep-toned sounds of its huge bronze bell floated tremulously on the evening air, as if to assure the villagers, before the going-down of the sun, that it was in its accustomed place to guard them through the evils of the night. As I gazed at the scene, the sun was pouring over the green and crimson clad hills a few farewell rays, and bathing in a warm glow of light the foliage, the wild flowers, and the mossy thatched roofs covered with the blue iris. It was all very beautiful, but in our eyes Meyangashi's loveliest feature was its river. It was wonderful how many different aspects it was able to assume in its short course through the little Meyangashi valley. In some places it split itself up into numerous little streams, and brawled and babbled over shallow little beds of stones, in numberless little miniature cascades and rapids. Then it suddenly was united again, and a bend brought us to a deep clear pool with a sandy bottom on which the pebbles lay, eighteen feet under water, as clearly and distinctly as if nothing but space intervened between them and us. Nature seemed to have designed the spot expressly for a bathing-place. There was every convenience, as well as inducement, for a dip. A stone slab overgrown about its base and sides by moss and lichens, but with a perfectly clear and level surface, projected over the cool depths, and offered every facility for a "header," and a dressing-place; or the bather, had he preferred it, might have made his toilet on the grassy bank, amongst camellias and other wild flowers which grew right down to the water's edge, and were reflected in the still clear depths. Then, as if to show that it was

not always obliged to look so inviting and pleasant, the river gradually narrowed, until it rushed madly, in a cruel-looking torrent, through a mountain gorge; then, as if changing its mood again, it opened out broader by degrees, until it became so mild and docile, as to submit to being crossed by a string of stepping-stones, over which a little Japanese damsel was tripping daintily, without even wetting her straw sandals; and lower down again, it widened out still more, and, in a broad gleaming sheet of water only a few inches in depth, swept over a golden-sanded bed. In this shallow, noisy groups of naked little children, their bodies tanned to a rich brown by the sun, were paddling about and making the welkin ring with their merry shouts and laughter, as they chased the small fish about, and caught them entangled amongst the weeds and stones at the sides. Then, after thus good-naturedly allowing the little urchins to play on its broad bosom, it collected itself within such bounds as to admit of being spanned by a rustic bridge—such a rustic bridge as I never saw out of a picture or a transformation scene. It was very arched, and consisted merely of upright stakes, on which rested a rude frame-work of untrimmed boughs, across which, again, smaller boughs and twigs were interlaced, and strewn over with a covering of straw and earth. Over this very primitive contrivance, a pony in straw shoes, laden with a couple of sacks of charcoal, was picking his way carefully—as he needed to, if he wished to get over without a fall, for the straw and earth often merely hid a treacherous interstice, through which the foot of man or beast occasionally disappeared. In addition to these little disagreeables, it had, as we afterwards found out, a playful way of oscillating violently just as you got to the highest point of the arch and hung over the deepest part of the river. However, it was very pretty to look at, and was certainly not the *least* of Meyangashi's many picturesque points. As we passed the head of this bridge on our way home, my attention was attracted by a cheery, but respectful, "*Ohio donesan!*"* and, on looking about, I found that the sound proceeded from a grinning and bobbing head of a bright beetroot-hue, which only just protruded from a steaming tub. I could not at first fix the identity of the owner, as the head of a boiled Japanese looking out of a cloud of steam is uncom-

monly like the head of any other boiled Japanese similarly situated; but at last, after the rubicund countenance had broken into a few more grins, I became aware that it was that of my *kango*-bearer, Tom Thumb, beaming with caloric and delight; while, *vis-à-vis*, and in another equally steaming tub, sat the lengthy and solid Chang with a sedate, but slightly sour cast of expression. Tom Thumb laughed very much, as if to intimate that he rather thought he had got the best of Chang this time; for while he, the little one, sat with the water bubbling snugly up to his very chin, his long partner was obliged to content himself with only a partial boiling, and sat with his bare back and shoulders protruding altogether from the tub and exposed to the evening air.

I returned Tom Thumb's salutation, and passed on, with a mental comparison between him and his English prototype. Fancy an English *cabby* in—any but metaphorical—hot water!

My frequent allusion to this national predilection for the bath may mislead the reader into the belief that the Japanese are the cleanest nation under the sun. This is far from being the case. They are the most *tubbing* people, but while, amongst the petty trading and lower classes, they pay every attention to the cleanliness of their bodies, they pay none whatever to that of their clothes. The thickly-padded winter garments will be worn without being washed—not for days, nor weeks, nor years, but for generations. The patched and wadded garment, covering the body of a small urchin in the street, probably has descended to him from his grandfather, through a succession of uncles and bigger brothers; and next winter, if he grows out of it by then, it will pass on to a smaller member of the family. As long as they will hold together, are these clothes kept. From constant patching, there may be, at last, but little of the original outer fabric left; but the thick cotton wadding is the same that for day after day through a winter, winter after winter through generations, has been worn without *once* being cleaned. But this is not the worst. While the clothes are being worn, they are, at all events, exposed to the purifying influence of the fresh air, but as the cold season passes away, the entire winter wardrobe of a family is packed away altogether in some room, and there, all through the heat of the summer, it lies in a foul heap of frowstiness and impurity. Small-pox is the

* *Donesan*—Sir, Master, Gentleman.

scourge of Japan, and there is no doubt that to this practice it owes in a great measure its yearly appearance and its virulence.

About fifty yards below the rustic bridge, and close to the river's edge, was our farmhouse, to which we returned after our saunter, and, on some potted soup and cold meat we had brought with us, together with some boiled trout caught that afternoon in the river, made a capital dinner.

In the evening we joined the family circle sitting round the *shebashi*, much to its delight. It was numerous, and consisted of the owner of the house, his wife, his wife's mother, his son-in-law, and his three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to the last mentioned, and had two children; the second daughter was a buxom, and, apparently, not very disconsolate young widow, and the third was a blushing little maiden of about thirteen—in all eleven souls, and, just to strengthen my statement that small-pox is the scourge of the country, I may add, that out of this eleven, two—the son-in-law and one of the children—were deeply pitted with the marks of this terrible disease; while to its malignancy the young widow owed her present unmated condition; and not during one epidemic running through the family, had these three fallen victims, but to three different visitations of the pestilence.

They formed as bright and happy a family circle as ever I saw. Even the mothers and sons-in-law—for that tie of relationship existed in duplicate here—agreeing harmoniously together. Our old host was a genial bright old fellow, with a polished baldness of head, which, though it may have saved him some trouble in shaving, must have given him quite as much in coaxing forward the few back hairs over the top of the head in the form of that peculiar little tail demanded by the fashion of the country. He was fonder of a joke than any one I ever came across; but the one which he admired and enjoyed more than anything else, was a facetious affectation on Burton's part of a tender passion for his old mother-in-law. This joke, I may add, lasted for the whole month we were there, and never palled on its admirer for a single instant.

The kindnesses I received from the entire family—more particularly at the first, when I was weak and ill—I shall never forget. The old man scoured the country day after day in search of curi-

osities, in the shape of old lacquer and quaint carvings in ivory; the son-in-law was often up at daybreak, whipping the stream for trout for my breakfast, and when successful, was always particular in impressing upon me, as he smilingly appeared with his gleaming offerings, that they were *sinjo* (presents). The old *okamisan's** attentions were entirely gastronomic, and the recollection of the gross violence to my palate that my gratitude and politeness led me into, makes me shudder even now. All her little delicacies were made of fish. They were dressed in every shape and form that fish, raw, boiled, fried, mashed, and battered, could be made to assume; but there was one taste common to all shapes—cod-liver oil. The younger *okamisan's* offerings to the sickly invalid were more acceptable. They were lighter specimens of the culinary art, and consisted of sponge-cake, preserved young bamboo shoots, hard-boiled eggs, and sliced pears. Nor was the blushing little *moosmie*, with her hair combed over and cut in a straight line across her forehead, and rejoicing in the name of Oshinosan, backward in performing many kind little offices for the sick *donesan*; and last, but not least, the buxom young widow kept me well supplied in bouquets of wild flowers; and as, day after day, she arranged them tastefully in a cup, and placed them with a bewitching smile on a little table close to my chair, I began to feel that widows ought to be marked "dangerous" in Japan as well as elsewhere; and I also instinctively thought of the advice of Mr. Weller, senior, on the subject. The only sign of widowhood about her was the absence of eyebrows, which rather gave her a look of perpetual surprise. She still plucked them out, in the usual token of mourning for the departed, but her teeth, which during her married life had of course been stained black, had now been allowed to resume their natural whiteness, and, on the least provocation, flashed brilliantly from between her full cherry lips. Many widows still retain the blackened teeth as well as the plucked-out eyebrows, but this implies that all hopes and joys are buried in the tomb; while, on the contrary, a discontinuance of the unbecoming practice is regarded as a delicate intimation of the widow's readiness to enter a second time into the holy bonds of matrimony. If my widowed

* Married woman.

friend's flashing signals have not been responded to ere this, it cannot have been on account of their not being seen, for never have I beheld such dazzling white teeth as hers. I asked her one day what she did to them, upon which she became, as to her teeth, more dazzling than ever, and produced her tooth-brush, a simple contrivance indeed. It consisted—avaunt bitter repinings for the many shillings and half-crowns wasted on brushes and odonto!—simply of a small stick of bitter wood with one end beaten and hammered into a rough fibrous brush, and this, with a cup of cold water, was the only implement she used!

On the afternoon of about the fourth day of our stay, some of Burton's brother officers paid us a visit from Yokohama. They had not made two days' journey of it, as I, poor sickly invalid, had been compelled to, but had accomplished the thirty-five miles, with just a short rest at Atchungi, in a few hours. They brought no particular news, except that the stoppage of the party on the Tokaido had been represented by their colonel to our minister, who, ever mindful of the honour and dignity of the British subject, had demanded from the Japanese government a personal apology to all concerned, at the very spot where the indignity had been offered. This apology, they added, was to be made the following day at noon, under the above circumstances; and they also brought a letter from the colonel to Burton, directing him, as one of the party on the occasion, to attend. I, obscure, sober-coated merchant, had slipped out of the affair altogether. The officers dined with us and slept at the farmhouse that night, our old host and all his family exerting themselves to their utmost to accommodate the "*tojin yaconins*," as they called our red-coated visitors; and on the following morning at an early hour, they started for the rendezvous, taking with them Burton, who promised to return for dinner.

During my kind nurse's absence for the day, the different members of the family seemed to think it incumbent upon them to neglect their respective avocations altogether, in order to devote themselves entirely to my comfort and amusement; so that the time passed quickly enough until late in the afternoon, when, from the top of an adjacent hill, whence I could be espied reclining in the verandah surrounded by my kind attendants, a cheery shout announced Burton's return. In a

few more minutes he was sitting by my side, booted and spurred, giving me an account of the day's proceedings. An apology, as ample and complete as the Tycoon's government could render, had been made. A commissioner of high rank from Yeddo, with a numerous retinue, had met the aggrieved officers at the identical official tea-house where they had been stopped, and there, in their presence, had administered a sound rating to the *yaconins* of the road (species of municipal councilmen) for that particular portion of the Tokaido; after which, he, together with his retinue and the recently reprimanded *yaconins*, had escorted the officers with every sign of civility and deference to the very temples they had been debarred from visiting on the former occasion. This latter part of the proceeding had been performed amidst a mighty concourse of people, who crowded round them on all sides—*this* time, however, not with derisive shouts and piling-up of barricades, but with bowed heads and on bended knees.

"It was all very well," remarked Burton at the conclusion of his description. "Those poor devils of *yaconins* were kept on their marrow-bones *kow-towing* before us for about half an hour, and the tag-rag and bob-tail were shown that we were not to be insulted with impunity; but the real offender, that *daimio* and his swaggering, two-sworded lot, what do they care? They're about sixty miles down the Tokaido by this time, and will probably never hear anything at all about it; or if they do, they'll just laugh in their sleeve at it all."

I agreed with Burton, not only because I thought with him, but also because it is impolitic to disagree with a person who is tired and hungry; and we sat down to our evening meal, which was graced as usual by some abominable fish delicacy from the old *okamisan*.

For the first week of my stay at the farmhouse, I did little more than saunter about with Burton on the banks of the river, gathering strength with every breath of the balmy air; or sit in my chair on the verandah, lulled to a peaceful and health-restoring calmness of mind by the tranquillity and beauty of the scene before me. But after that, it was wonderful how rapidly, under these invigorating influences, strength returned; and I was soon able to join Burton in long walks and rides in the neighbourhood, and in, what was still more instrumental in bracing my nerves and restoring a healthy tone to

mind and body, a morning dip in the cold clear pool higher up the river. Day after day we now devoted to some little excursion or out-door pursuit. Sometimes we walked along the winding bank of the ever-varying river as far as we could go. Sometimes we sketched, sometimes we fished, and sometimes we mounted our ponies and rode off ten or a dozen miles to some picturesque spot our host had told us of — either a temple, a ruin, or a waterfall. About these latter expeditions our worthy old friend was always very nervous concerning us, and invariably cautioned us on our departure to be on our guard against the dreaded *ronins*.

Now these *ronins* are military *yaconins*, generally of subordinate rank, who have been in the service of *daimios*, but who, either from dismissal for misconduct, or from the disgrace, failure, or demise of their *daimios*, have found themselves thrown on the world without any means of existence. Brought up to the profession of arms, as well as born to it — for the military calling is there hereditary — they are unable, with their military education and instincts, to turn their hands to anything else, so that, unless they can enter the service of some other *daimios*, nothing is left to them but to continue to live as they were brought up — by the sword. In other words, they take to the road as a means of subsistence, and by their depredations and recklessness are a terror to the peaceable inhabitants.

Luckily a meeting with any of these outlawed gentry never marred the harmony of our quiet rides, and not the least enjoyable part of the day's jaunt used to be the hearty welcome we received from the whole family at its close, as we returned home in the evening safe and sound. As we always on these occasions carried our loaded revolvers with us, I make no doubt that, had we ever met any of these swaggering, roystering swashbucklers, we could easily have kept them at bay, as they seldom go about more numerous than in twos and threes.

Returning one evening from one of these trips, we were rather mystified, as we crested the top of the hill overlooking the peaceful little village, by the spectacle of an enormous paper dragon floating from a pole over the roof of our country quarters, and, on descending, were met by the entire family, who, in addition to their customary smiles of welcome, wore an appearance of the highest festivity, as did also everything about the establishment. All the faces were bright and

smiling, the clothes had a festive gloss about them, the women's heads shone with pomatum and ornaments, and the men's with recent shaving; and a glance into the interior of the farmhouse afforded a view of several little lacquer-stands and trays, set out with an imposing array of small saucers containing fish done in every conceivable way, preserved pears, slices of hard-boiled eggs, pickled bamboo shoots, and many other such delicacies of a Japanese nature; while numerous little china cups and stone bottles containing *saki* — a spirit distilled from rice — showed that the feast was not to be confined to the discussion of solids.

An explanation of all this was soon forthcoming from the old man. It was his wife's birthday, an event which they always kept up with the greatest spirit and delight.

"And why not have told us this before?" I asked, thinking that I might have sent into Yokohama and obtained some little present as a trifling acknowledgement of all the *okamisan's* kindness.

"Because," replied the old man, as he waved his hand towards the fish, the pickled bamboo, and the *saki*, "I thought it would be such a surprise for you when you came home."

He was the most simple-minded old creature I ever met, and, as he spoke, it was with the hearty zest of a child that he watched our faces for those expressions of delight and astonishment which so tempting a display was expected to call up into them. Several neighbours had been bidden to the feast, and the nervous time for the arrival of the guests was close at hand, so we departed to our own dinner, though not before we had each been made to drink a small cup of hot *saki* in honour of the event, and given our promises to join them later in the evening.

While at our dinner Burton suggested that we should send in to the merry-makers a few bottles of different sorts of wine, not only as a piece of attention to our friends, but also as a means of affording us an insight into the native taste on the subject. I entered into both the feelings, and in a spirit, partly of compliment, partly of experiment, we sent in a bottle of brandy, a bottle of whiskey, a bottle of curaçoa, a bottle of sherry, a bottle of Bass's pale ale, and a bottle of champagne. These contributions to the feast we allowed to precede our own appearance by only a

few moments, as it would never have done to have allowed the party to partake of the different liquids in blind ignorance of their respective properties. The result of the experiment was as follows: The brandy met with a warm reception. That accorded to the whiskey was doubtful. Public opinion on its merits was divided, but at last, by the casting vote of the toothless old *okamisan*, it obtained a majority of one in its favour. Of the rest, the sherry was unanimously condemned; but the champagne received a favourable verdict on all sides; while Bass's pale ale occasioned a general exodus of the whole party into the back yard, whence the sounds of much spitting and rinsing-out of mouths proceeded for some moments. After these decided demonstrations of disapproval, which, at all events, were acceptable, as showing that they were candid in the avowal of their opinions, they tasted the curaçoa, which created such a *furor* of enthusiasm as to lead to the production of a second bottle. There was such a smacking of lips, such a screwing-up of eyes, and altogether such an evident relish for this beverage, that I inwardly rejoiced at its non-existence in the country.

The guests consisted of three or four men with their wives and daughters, and after they had got the curaçoa off their minds (for it was some time before they could moderate their transports), Burton and myself told them stories of our own country, which were listened to with eager curiosity, the questions they put to us showing not only a desire for information, but also a most intelligent appreciation and conception of what we told them. Then the girls thrummed their guitars, and screeched at the top of their voices. Then our worthy old host made night (and himself) hideous with a song, which he rendered in the true Japanese style, consisting of a series of sudden and rapid transitions from very low growls to very high falsetto notes, and he laboured away with such a will at his bass rumblings and his treble squeaks, that he became quite purple in the face, and inspired me with a dread that apoplexy would put a ghastly end to my poor old friend, his song, and the festivities in general. However, I am thankful to say he accomplished his task to the uttermost squeak in safety, and from the way in which he was applauded and complimented, he was evidently regarded as being "in voice" that night. From this

time, mirth and jollity was the order of the evening; stories were told, jokes made, laughter rung out, and even the paper dragon over the roof flapped about wildly, as if even his paper nature had been unable to withstand the contagion of good fellowship, and he were struggling frantically to get away from his pole, and come and join in the festivities inside. However, although the mirth while it lasted was fast and furious, it never degenerated into the least coarseness or undue familiarity, and consisted of nothing but hearty, good, honest laughter at little jokes of the most harmless nature; nor was the entertainment kept up at any very great expense of "nature's sweet restorer," for punctually at nine o'clock the guests lighted their paper lanterns, and, after a little hot *saki* all round, and a great deal of that bowing and scraping about which even the lowest Japanese coolie is most punctilious, they slipped on their high wooden clogs, and clattered off to their homes. The only thing that made a night of it was the dragon, and he kept up an unceasing flapping and whistling until an early hour the next morning, when he was taken down and packed away until the next family festivity. There was no symbolical meaning attached to it in connection with the *okamisan's* birthday, but was simply a sign of rejoicing, just as we in England might hoist a flag or a banner. I may add that it measured twenty-three feet in length, and was composed of that peculiarly tough Japanese paper and strips of bamboo.

Space will not allow me to linger any longer over this pleasant peaceful time. The days passed quickly in a regular round of such pursuits as I have mentioned, and it seemed little short of a miracle when, at the end of the month, I found myself transformed from a weak, pale invalid, trembling between life and death, into a robust, hale man, fit once more to take his place in the ranks, and renew the fight with the cares and trials of this toiling, struggling world.

With mutual regret we parted from our kind, unsophisticated old host and his family; and, as I have said before at the commencement of this paper, I never feel weary of the perpetual fight, that my spirit does not "wing its flight" to the peaceful thatched farmhouse in the little Japanese village of Meyangashi, where I passed so pleasantly from the very shadow of death to all the natural vigour of life and manhood.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A CHAPTER OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY.

BY THE REV. MARK PATTESON.

PART I.

IF truth is stranger than fiction, fiction has its revenge in being truer than fact. It is the privilege of the novelist, as of the artist, to place before us that truth which is in things, but which is concealed by the facts.

The attempt has often been made, by artists of every calibre, from Thackeray to Cuthbert Bede, to draw university life. The celebrity of some of the authors has diffused some of these sketches widely. Every one who has read anything has probably read the adventures of Arthur Pendennis at St. Boniface's.

Nor is Thackeray the only great writer who has sought to place the life of Oxford or Cambridge on his canvas. Father Newman in "Loss and Gain," Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke," have been attracted by some features of the universities which seemed to them to afford a groundwork for their ideal creations. Mr. Farrar's "Julian Home," Mr. Hughes's "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Verdant Green," and "Peter Priggins," are other attempts at various levels to bring university manners before us.

All these I have named are of our day, and may still be found in our circulating libraries. Such sketches soon fade, and are replaced by newer portraits painted in the costume of to-day. Many have preceded these and passed away. Perhaps some of my present audience never heard of "Reginald Dalton," though it is a novel written by no less a person than Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Scott, and editor of the *Quarterly* for many years. As Charles Kingsley's vigorous boat-race lives in the memory of the readers of "Alton Locke," so Lockhart has transmitted in "Reginald Dalton" a vivid picture of a town and gown row. He has also preserved the tradition, at least I know not where else it is to be found, of the window at Hertford College out of which Charles J. Fox leaped in order to join in one. Still less known — rather, totally unknown, is the spirited sketch of Mr. Dickinson, called "Vincent Eden," which has never emerged from the pages of the magazine in which it first appeared.

If "Reginald Dalton," which is only fifty years old, has sunk below the horizon, I may assume that Tom Warton's slight sketch of the day of a fellow of a

college is as unknown to the modern world as if it were a classic. Tom Warton, as he was familiarly called by his brother academicians, who were proud of his learning and fond of his sociable qualities, was himself a fellow of Trinity, Oxford, he therefore discreetly places *his* fellow of a college at Cambridge. I will read a few sentences of it: — "9. Turned off my bedmaker for waking me at eight. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner. 10. After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. N. B. never to transcribe any more from Calamy. Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, has one volume of Calamy lying in her parlour-window. 11. Into the cellar. Mem. My mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. To remove the five-year-old port into the new bin. 12. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes. 1. Dined alone in my room on a sole. Shrimp sauce not so good as Mr. H. of Peterhouse and I used to eat at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sate down to a pint of Madeira. Mr. H. surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouse on Wednesday. One of the dishes, a leg of pork and pease by my desire. 6. Newspaper in the common room. 7. Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine. Did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noisy over head," etc., etc.

This is not painting from the life, but mere caricature. I have quoted these few sentences not for their wit, but because they indicate that whereas the tide of public opinion *now* sets against the non-resident fellow — a century ago it was the *resident* fellow for whose energies college life furnished no proper outlet.

Of all these draughtsmen the one who has approached nature most nearly is, as it seems to me, the author of "Pendennis." There is a sad reality about Arthur's career — high hopes at the outset quenched in the petty miseries of debt — brilliant talents wasted not in debauchery, but in achieving social distinction — social distinction which was confined to the undergraduate world — "The freshmen did not know which was greatest, Pendennis of St. Boniface or the proctor."

There have been many parodies of prize poems — but was ever prize poem imitated so happily as by Thackeray? — "A. P.'s poem did not get the prize, but all the men of St. Boniface's knew that

it ought to have got it, when the author presented them with copies splendidly bound in morocco with gilt edges. Subject, 'The Crusades':—

On to the breach, ye soldiers of the Cross,
Scale the red wall and swim the choking foss;
Ye dauntless archers twang your crossbows

On, bil and battleaxe and mangonel;
Ply battering-ram and hurtling catapult,
Jerusalem is ours! *id Deus vult!*"

To such fictitious representations as I have named above, various as they are in power of drawing and vividness of colour, one observation is generally applicable. They present us only with one aspect of university life, and that its most superficial aspect. It is what I may call the *street view* of life. The novelist sets up his *camera lucida* in the middle of the high street and lets the passing figures mirror themselves as they flit to and fro. He gives us what he sees. And he sees all from the student's side. And as the worst-regulated student's life affords the most telling materials for fiction, it is the life of the idle and disorderly which is usually presented for our edification by the novelist. In all these drawings there is a level uniformity such as pervaded the new comedy at Athens. In that stage of dramatic development, the repertory of character was limited to the young scapegrace in the capital, and his severe governor from the country, the designing *hetera*, and the saucy slave who abetted his young master's dissipations; and on this slender cast of parts the changes were rung to infinite variety without novelty. So in the university novel we have the stereotyped parts of the fast undergraduate, beset by duns, contrasted with the slow reading man in woollen socks and spectacles, who is his foil and his butt—the deluded father, the inefficient proctor, a pompous and incapable tutor, a gyp thievish and patronizing, the breakfast and the wine-party, the ruffian of the playground, who is the admired hero of the bevy of charming girls who come up to commemoration in pink ribands. The fast young man is the first part, the reading student is only brought on the scene to be quizzed, and the senior part of the university become stage dons, who are only there to provoke our derision by various forms of the witty definition of "donnism," "a mysterious carriage of the body intended to conceal the defects of the mind." If some of our fictionists have left this traditional groove,

as *e.g.* Mr. Farrar in "Julian Home," it has been by sacrificing altogether the local colouring. "Loss and Gain" has some characteristic scenes—a tutor's breakfast is, or was, a peculiar institution of the place—*was*, I say, for we are too busy for breakfast now; and Dr. Newman has happily rendered it. But, on the whole, in "Loss and Gain," only one transient phase of Oxford life was depicted—that, viz., which really passed over us in my own recollection, when our promising young men spent the time which ought to have been devoted to study in endeavouring to find the true Church.

If we want to know what Cambridge and Oxford are, we can derive a little, and but very little, help from the pictures which the novelist has drawn for us. We must pass from fiction to fact, and ask what writers of memoirs, of autobiography, of reminiscences, have given us any authentic pictures of academic life?

The first remark we shall have to make upon this survey of our materials is, that such memorials as we are in search of are almost wholly wanting. It is true that there have been from time to time, both in Oxford and Cambridge, men who have kept diaries, or committed to paper their personal recollections. Some of these books have preserved the memory of curious particulars, and we are thankful to their authors for the pains they have taken to hand them down to us. Hearne's "Diary for Oxford," at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Gunning's "Reminiscences for Cambridge," at the beginning of the nineteenth century, have thus conveyed to us authentic facts and circumstances which would have been otherwise lost. But there is no diarist who has been a sufficiently painstaking observer to give us what we want—a picture of university life in his day. The annals of Oxford extend now over the long period of seven hundred years. For more than half of that period the art of printing has been practised in England. The society has been a learned and literary association, and the men who have composed it have been always clerks, with every appliance for writing. They have had among them abundance of leisure. Yet the whole of this long period has not produced a single memoir-writer to whom it has occurred as an investment of his mental activity to leave to posterity a faithful account of university life, studies, teaching, as he knew and saw them.

The writer to whom Oxford history owes most, I might say owes everything, is Anthony Wood or à Wood, as it was his fancy to sign himself.

The archaeologist has often been—certainly not by any necessary effect of his studies, but he has often been—a man of confined vision. Anthony Wood's horizon of ideas was as narrow as could consist with *any* education. He had passed through the usual Oxford curriculum of his day; he was postmaster at Merton, and M.A. of the University. But in the seventeenth century it was possible to have received this, the highest education which the country could give, without having had the intelligence opened at all. Wood was in this respect neither better nor worse than the average M.A. of the time of Charles II. Yet, even while I am confessing this much, I fear that I am being ungrateful to one to whom we owe so much—that it may be truly said that without Wood a history of Oxford would now be impossible. It was not his fault that he lived at a time when the narrow interests of ephemeral party supplied the place of ideas. The best education which the university could give at that date did not go beyond that which is now supplied to the passmen. It did not go beyond the languages,—or rather the Latin language, for Greek was rare, and the amount of it slight,—the technical part of logic, the rudiments of geometry. Of Wood we may say that he could read Latin with ease, and that he was a considerable proficient in music. His instrument, I may mention, was the violin, which was brought into fashion by Charles II. at the Restoration, at which time it superseded the bass-viol and the theorbo.

Within this circumscribed sphere Wood had a pursuit which raised in him an enthusiasm which would have been impossible with a wider education and more varied interests. The object of the pursuit was local antiquities, especially those of his university and native city. Here he gained in intension what his training had forfeited in extension. It is perhaps impossible in an epoch like the present, and a country like Britain, when a multiplicity of interests force themselves upon the notice of every citizen, that a passion for antiquarian research such as urged Wood should ever be generated in us modern Englishmen. He began at the age of seventeen transcribing inscriptions and monuments. As soon as he became his own master, upon taking his

B.A. degree, at twenty-one, he “entered into the public library, which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never went without great veneration,” and began to read the books on antiquities and heraldry. Burton's “Leicestershire” was the first book which he analyzed. Guillim's “Heraldry” “gave him great delight.” When Dugdale's “Antiquities of Warwickshire” came to Oxon., being accounted the best book of its kind that hitherto was made extant, my pen cannot enough describe how Wood's tender affections and insatiable desire of knowledge were ravished and melted down by the reading of that book. What with music and rare books that he found in the public library, his life at this time was a perfect elysium (p. 68). Nor did he merely play with his subject as a *dilettante*, but worked at it long workman's hours. When we hear that he was seven or nine hours a day for months together perusing charters, evidences, and rent-rolls, in any college muniment-room to which he could get admittance, we shall not wonder that his eyes suffered, and that it was a great relief to him when Dr. Barlow, provost of Queen's, gave him “a large magnifying-glass, which cost 40s.” His earnestness, Dr. Rawlinson records, “was such that he would burst out bleeding suddenly, insomuch that he had a basin frequently held under him, that he might not spoil his papers.” This is something more than antiquarian taste,—this is a passion out of which must needs spring something great and memorable. And his great work on the history of Oxford—I say work, for the “History and Antiquities,” and the “Athenæ Oxonienses,” though two books, are part of one work—Wood's great work is monumental, having regard to the enormous number of particular facts collected and arranged—the work of ten years' unceasing labour.

Besides compiling this great historical work, Wood has served us in another capacity. I have spoken of the dearth of academics who have been writers of memoirs of their own times. Of the few that we have Wood is the principal. While he is labouring in his vocation of collecting the antiquities of the university, and writing its history, he was keeping a diary. It is not by any means a regularly-kept diary; it is fitful in its entries and the events it notices are personal. But what an opportunity for a chronicler or memoir-writer! The half-century from the chancellorship of Laud

in 1630 to the attempt of James II. on Magdalen College in 1687, was filled with stirring and critical events which place it in strong contrast to the unattractive repose of the two centuries which have elapsed since. The year of Wood's birth was 1632; that of his death 1695. His life, therefore, exactly coincided with this period of crisis and alarm, in which the university played a part and attracted an attention which it has never done since.

Born a citizen of Oxford in "the ancient stone house opposite the fore-front of Merton College, commonly called Post-master's Hall," he passed all his life within the walls of the city. Though as a boy he was sent out to school, it was only to Thame, within an easy distance. The new code, or Caroline statutes, and the charter obtained by Laud, were occurrences of his childhood, but he must have known those who knew the history of these important constitutional measures. But constitutional reforms, however important in themselves, retire into the shade before the clash of arms. In 1642 came the battle of Edgehill, and three days later the royal army entered Oxford, which from that day forward became the royalist capital, and the residence of the court. As a boy Wood saw the wonderful lines of defence drawn round Oxford, almost the only skilled operation of the whole civil war. This fortification, carried out according to the rules of art, stands in curious contrast to the primitive ingenuity of other of the defensive measures; as we read that, on September 2, "barbed arrows were provided for one hundred scholars to shoot against such soldiers as should come against them." Of Bechmann, the engineer who devised these lines, nothing is certainly known beyond his name. Is it possible that he was the "Beckman" who was afterwards employed by the government of Charles II. to fortify Sheerness and Tilbury?

Be that as it may, by Bechmann's science, and by the expenditure of the whole of the available resources of the university, Oxford was converted into the strongest fortress in the kingdom. The first hasty fortifications which had been thrown up in 1643, under the superintendence of Richard Rallington, a B. A. of Queen's College, had been made so available by 1646, that Fairfax at once recognized that the place was impregnable, and could only be reduced by famine. But all these operations were at a severe cost to the university. Not only was all

college plate surrendered to the mint, their ready money given to pay the troops, the lead torn from the roofs to make bullets, the timber in the outskirts cut down — *e.g.*, the grove of the hospital of St. Bartholomew, which belonged to Oriel — these material depredations were not all. Discipline, nay, study, were at an end. The scholars were enrolled in battalions to man the lines, the college servants worked in the trenches, the schools were employed as granaries. What must have been the effect upon the students of keeping guard and drinking with Prince Rupert's troopers may easily be imagined. Some of the colleges, those which had the better rooms, were taken possession of by the court — Henrietta Maria, *e.g.*, lived in Merton — others served as quarters for the officers and soldiers. What strikes us most is the helplessness of the besiegers. The art of defence had outstripped that of attack. In the first siege, 1645, the Parliamentaries were quiet besiegers, and "fought only with their perspective glasses," says Wood. In the second siege, 1646, we see from the number of letters which we still have, that to pass the Parliamentary lines was a matter of every-day occurrence. Nor was anything to be hoped from treachery. The citizens indeed were for the Parliament; and this, not only because the university was for the king, but naturally enough when they remembered how Birmingham and Bristol had been treated by Prince Rupert, whose notions of living on plunder had been formed in Germany. But the citizens were overawed by a garrison of five thousand men, and by the royalist zeal of the university, and the numerous *clientèle* of the colleges. They could only show their inclinations by their lukewarmness in working at the trenches. Where they should have sent a contingent of one hundred and twenty workmen they sent but twelve; they dared not refuse altogether. With a garrison strong in numbers, and confident in its military powers, thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, abundant supplies of corn, and two powder-mills at Osney, there seemed little hope of Oxford being soon reduced.

But one fortress cannot stem the tide of war, and that was now running everywhere against the king. In April the governor of Woodstock sent word that he could hold out no longer. On April 26, at midnight, in the disguise of Ashburnham's servant, Charles left Oxford, and passed the lines, it should seem, without difficulty. He told his privy

council that he was going to London to put himself into the hands of the Parliament, and he accordingly followed the Henley road as far as Harrow. But his own secret and fatal resolution had been formed to take refuge with the Scottish army. Abandoned by the king, the surrender of Oxford was a matter of course. The indignation of the military ran high at finding that the place was to be 'given up, provisioned as it was not only with corn, but with butchers' meat and all the luxuries of a well-supplied market for six months. The soldiers said it was surrendered because the ladies could not have fresh butter every morning to breakfast. Yet the *pourparlers* for the conditions occupied two months, and it was not till Midsummer Day, June 24, that the royalist garrison marched out. Highly to the credit of the Roundhead army, no excesses or plunder were permitted—no reprisals for the savage license which Prince Rupert had indulged his troopers in. But the condition of the university was disastrous. There were no rents to be had from the farmers, there were no scholars to let the college rooms to. The halls, which were still numerous, were ruined except Magdalen Hall and New Inn Hall, which were selected as nurseries for scholars of the Presbyterian faction. In the colleges were scarce any inhabitants but the principals and their families. "There was scarce," says an eye-witness, "the face of a university left."

These were the stirring incidents among which Wood's boyhood fell. In the year after the surrender, 1647, he was entered at Merton College. The internal revolutions of the next fifteen years, if less imposing, had a constitutional importance greater than that of battle and siege. I run hastily over them. For a whole year after the surrender, the university, prostrate and all but deserted, was left to itself. During the interval it began slowly to re-people itself. But besides the royalist and Episcopalian members of the old stamp, there began to show themselves within the university precincts a new population. There were some of them declared Roundheads, or Independents, but some of them also members of the Anglican Church, who had been kept under, or kept out by the Cavalier majority and the test-oaths. To this ominous brood the gownsmen gave the nickname of "secters," which carried a double reference to their own cant expression of seeking the Lord in prayer, and their desire of suc-

ceeding to the places from which the malignants were now to be expelled. At last, in June, 1647, appeared the visitors appointed under an act of Parliament. Their first step was to cite the doctors and masters to appear in the convocation house on June 4, between the hours of nine and eleven. At nine punctually the vice-chancellor appeared, and sat there two hours with exemplary patience. At the last stroke of eleven, having first ascertained that the clock was not in advance of the dial, he moved out of the convocation-house. As he passed through the court of the schools he met the Presbyterian ministers in solemn march towards the appointed meeting. They had been detained in church by a preposterously long exhortation from one of their ministers. Raising his cap the vice-chancellor said, "Good morning, gentlemen; it is now some minutes past eleven." With these words he passed on home towards Christ Church. The visitors entered the empty hall of convocation. They were done—the legal hour for which the citation had been served was passed: there was no help for it. This ingenious *ruse* could but respite, it could not divert the blow. The defect of form was soon remedied, and enlarged powers were given to the visitors. They were now empowered to exact a subscription or oath to the Covenant, and to remove any person who had either borne arms against the Parliament, or contributed money to its enemies. This placed the whole university at their mercy. An elaborate protest was drawn up, and passed in full convocation, with one dissentient voice, setting forth the various reasons why they could not, as matter of conscience, give their signature as required. They also protested against the authority under which the visitors acted. For though the act of Parliament still ran in the name of Charles Rex, they were not satisfied, they said, that it really had the assent of the crown, as of course it had not.

It was now evident that it was not an affair of political principle, but of corporate spirit. The issue was, that after giving sufficient time, and exhausting every expedient of accommodation, all those who refused the subscription were deprived of their places, and others who were well disposed to the Parliament were put in their room. When we call to mind that for the greater part of the men thus expelled deprivation meant destitution, as no man possessed of any private means could

be fellow of a college, we must admire the heroism with which they took the penalty of defeat. On the other hand, we must accord our highest praise to the moderation of the victorious party. Instead of using their omnipotence to deprive as many as they could, they endeavoured to induce all they could persuade to stay and submit, and this, though of all malignants the Oxford malignants had been the most inveterate, and indeed had been the mainstay of the royalist cause. Indeed, from the forward part which Oxford had played in the war it might justly have been feared that the Parliament on its victory would have proceeded, not only to personal vengeance, but to organic change. Nay, such was the ferment in the minds of the nation, that not merely revolution, but even total abolition were among the possible results of the crisis. For it was not only individuals, but the university as a corporate body had engaged itself in the interest of Church and king, and of all that was now regarded with the greatest abhorrence. It must be regarded as in the highest degree creditable to the statesmanlike views of the leaders of the party, that they were content with a change in the *personnel*, and of substituting their adherents for their enemies, when it would have been so easy and obvious to have proceeded to confiscation. That such extreme measures were talked of is certain. But among the Parliamentary leaders of the moment were men enlightened enough to recognize the claims of learning, and the national value of learned institutions. Much, no doubt, was due to the personal weight of Selden and Prynne, and the reform for the moment went no further than turning the Puritan minority, which had all along existed, into a majority. It was a fortunate step on the part of these new academics, when they tendered the chancellorship in 1650 to Oliver Cromwell. As republican and levelling principles got the upper hand, and a more fanatical and narrow-minded set of men were coming into power, universities were likely to have been voted a superfluity. To the Roundheads the institutions had been obnoxious as royalist, to the Independents they were obnoxious as learning. The superior intelligence and vigorous hand of the lord protector it was which now raised the seats of learning from the destruction to which the ignorant fanaticism of the republicans and levellers inevitably doomed them. The moment the universities recognized Crom-

well's authority he gave them his protection and enlightened patronage.

This was in 1650. Oxford had now a ten years' repose, during which, though godliness and discipline were the primary care of the authorities, encouragement to study was not wanting. Then came the Restoration and the reaction. The new men were ejected; the old men, but not the old ways, came back. Wood, who in 1650 had heard the convocation-house resound with the cheerful acclamations of the M.A.'s, when Oliver's letter, dated Edinburgh, was read, in which he accepted the chancellorship, now in 1661 heard the same plaudits attending the nomination of Hyde, Lord Clarendon, to the same office. In the same convocation-house in which the Parliamentary visitors had held their visitation, Charles II. held a parliament. To Oxford he brought his gay and brilliant court, not for a visit, but for a long residence; here Lady Castlemaine, in one of the fellows' rooms at Merton, gave birth to a Fitzroy, and would walk in Trinity Lime-walk — Christchurch Broad-walk was not yet — with a lute playing before her, or attend the college chapel "like an angel, but half-dressed," thought the demure dons, who had never seen French fashions. Wood, who had seen the Book of Common Prayer banished from the college chapels for thirteen years, from '47 to '60, lived to see in 1686 mass celebrated in University College, and Christchurch presided over by a Roman Catholic dean. The closing scene of these political oscillations arrived in 1687. In that year the history of the university is again, for a moment, the history of England; for in that year James II., in imitation of Louis XIV., made his memorable attempt to force his own religion upon the university.

This story has been often told — told, indeed, by each historian of England in his turn. Mackintosh had told it with a fulness of detail which seemed to preclude all attempt to re-write it after him. Yet Macaulay did re-write it, and his elaborate narrative hides from view an amount of solid research which is generally thought to be incompatible with style. It would be, indeed, presumptuous to re-write the story after Macaulay. In resuming, in a few sentences, the chief features of the situation, it is intended only to direct attention to the attitude of the university towards the government.

In March, 1687, the presidency of Magdalen College became vacant by

death. The election of president is vested by statute in the fellows. But it was not without precedent that the crown should recommend a candidate to the choice of the electors, and on such occasions it had been the practice for the electors to show respect to the letters of the sovereign. In such recommendations the crown had never attempted to put forward any candidate who did not possess the statutable qualifications. The statutes of Magdalen required the president should be chosen out of those who were, or had been fellows of Magdalen or of New Colleges. On this occasion James II. recommended to the electors one Antony Farmer, a junior M.A. of Magdalen, but not a fellow; he was therefore not statutably eligible. He was further disqualified by Act of Parliament, being a Roman Catholic convert. But the king's letters mandatory contained what were called dispensing clauses, — "Any statute, custom, or constitution to the contrary notwithstanding, wherewith we are graciously pleased to dispense in his behalf."

It does not appear that the fellows, however they might feel aggrieved by it, questioned the royal prerogative which interfered with their freedom of choice. It does not even appear that they questioned at first the dispensing power. But the *person* recommended to them was intolerable. In the then irritated state of feeling it was monstrous to think of putting a Roman Catholic at the head of a body of Protestant fellows; and the personal character of Farmer was such as was calculated to degrade the college in public estimation. As it would have been highly indiscreet to have urged against Farmer that he was of the king's religion, the fellows rest their petition of remonstrance on his moral character. We cannot, therefore, lay much stress upon the allegations of this kind which the fellows bring against Farmer, as they must be regarded as intended to mask the objection they felt, but dared not make, to his religion. Though the odious picture which Macaulay has drawn of Farmer is exaggerated, it is confessed on all hands that his youth, levity, presumption, and want of general conduct, made him an unfit person to be sent to preside over a society of grave and virtuous divines. The court was sensible of their error; they dropt Farmer, and a new mandate was sent down. But before this mandate arrived the fellows had elected John Hough, who had the statutable qualifications, and he

had been admitted by the visitor. The fellows stood by the man of their choice. The crown was equally obstinate in maintaining its new nominee, Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford. The king had formidable engines at his disposal; first, the Court of High Commission, presided over by the lord chancellor, and that Lord Chancellor Jeffries; secondly, a visitation of the college. Both these instruments of coercion were brought to bear. The fellows appeared before the Court of High Commission, sitting in London, when Hough's election was pronounced void. And a subaltern commission was sent down to Oxford to admit Parker, if necessary by force, and generally to visit the college. Parker was admitted, Hough withdrew of his own accord.

If it were ever admissible to speak of what might have been, instead of what *was*, we should be tempted to do so at this point, and to say that if James had stopped here, the university and the college would have acquiesced in what had been done, and nothing further would have been heard of the Magdalen College case. But James, or the Catholic junta which directed the government, elated with success, ventured on a further aggression. The material victory gained was not enough; there must be a moral triumph. They now required the fellows of Magdalen to make a submission in writing, to sign a humble apology for their conduct, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the commission, as well as of what had been done under it. This overweening demand plainly betrays its origin. It issues not from the policy of the statesman who respects the subjects whom he governs, but the despotism of the Society of Jesus, which is not content with obedience in fact, but aspires to crush and break the wills of its disciples. To the demand now made the fellows of Magdalen returned a refusal. The High Commission was set in action once more. The fellows and demies were ejected, and their places filled with Roman Catholics nominated by the crown. The bishop of Oxford, who had been some time in declining health, died, and Bonaventure Gifford, a Roman Catholic bishop, was nominated president. Magdalen was become a Catholic college.

Such is a brief outline of the last occasion on which Oxford has appeared on the stage of national history. Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since, during which our annals offer no events

but those which belong to the peaceful pursuits of letters, or the humble duties of education.

One remark is called for by the Magdalen College case. It is, I believe, popularly thought that the issue tried in this case was either that of the dispensing power, or that of the legality of the High Commission. But it was not so. There were indeed in this case, on the part of the king, many exertions of power either directly illegal or of doubtful legality. He had superseded the free choice of the electors by a mandate designating a particular person. He had exercised the dispensing power twice for persons who were not fellows of Magdalen, or of New; twice for Roman Catholics. He had brought the fellows of Magdalen, members of a lay corporation, before the High Commission Court—a court for ecclesiastical causes—the commission of that court itself being illegal. Lastly, he had assumed to visit the college by a subaltern commission delegated by the High Commission, and had visited not to inquire, but to hear, to determine, and to punish.

All these exertions of prerogative being either illegal, or of doubtful legality, according to the opinion of the lawyers of that day, it might have been supposed that the fellows would have taken their stand upon their legal rights. But they do not do so. The plea they put forward is, as against Farmer, that of objectionable moral character; as against Parker, the fact that they had elected Hough before the mandate to elect Parker arrived; as against the dispensation, that they take an oath in their statutes not to accept any dispensation. On every point they evade the great constitutional issue; or rather they decline to make common cause with the constitutional party. The fact is, they were all members of the Church of England, and members of the University of Oxford. And the church and the university had for three generations been committing themselves more and more deeply to the high doctrines of prerogative and divine right. It was not open to them, now that this prerogative was suddenly played against themselves, to turn round and affirm that there were limitations to it.

None of James's violent acts contributed so much to his downfall as this assault on Magdalen. By his own confession afterwards (Burnet, p. 799), "the king, both at Faversham and after his return to Whitehall, justified all he had

done, but spoke a little doubtfully of the business of Magdalen College."

Yet it appears that the parties concerned, the fellows of Magdalen, the invasion of whose rights awakened all this sympathy, never raised the constitutional issue, but put forward the merely personal plea of their oaths and their consciences—a plea in which the nation had no interest. It was not till a late stage in the proceedings that Hough timidly, and as an after-thought, brought out a protest against the jurisdiction of the Court of High Commission. It is another instance to be added to the many which history furnishes of great principles having been vindicated by the agency of men who were wholly unconscious of what they were doing. The triumph of civil liberty over arbitrary power in 1688 was due in great measure to the passive resistance of the fellows of Magdalen, as the emancipation of the human mind from the control of the clergy in the sixteenth century was due in great measure to the preaching of Luther. But the vindication of civil liberty was no more in the thoughts of the fellows of Magdalen, than the emancipation of the intellect was in the intention of Luther.

From Good Words.

FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

"Pleasures of memory! O supremely blest
And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
Contain indeed the subject of thy lays."

(Said to be by ROGERS.)

A FEW days after this Emily was coming down the lane leading to John Mortimer's house, having taken leave of Justina at the railway station. She was reading a letter just received from Valentine, signed for the first time in full, Valentine Melcombe. The young gentleman, it appeared, was quite as full of fun as ever; had been to Visp and Rifflesdorf, and other of those places—found them dull on the whole—had taken a bath. "And you may judge of the smell of the water," he went on to his sister, "when I tell you that I fell asleep after it, and dreamed I was a bad egg. I hoped I shouldn't hatch into a bad fellow. I've been here three days

and seen nobody; the population (chiefly Catholic) consists of three goats, a cock and hen, and a small lake!"

Here lifting up her head as she passed by John's gate, Emily observed extraordinary signs of festivity about the place. Flags protruded from various bedroom windows, wreaths and flowers dangling at the end of long poles from others, rows of dolls dressed in their best sat in state on the lower boughs of larches, together with tinsel butterflies, frail balloons, and other gear not often seen excepting on Christmas-trees.

It was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday; the two little boys, who were weekly pupils of a clergyman in the immediate neighbourhood, always came home at that auspicious time, and there remained till Monday morning.

From one of them Emily learned that some epidemic having broken out at Harrow, in the "house" where Johnny was, the boys had been dispersed, and Johnny, having been already in quarantine a fortnight, had now come home, and the place had been turned out of windows to welcome him.

"And Cray is at Mr. Brandon's," said Bertie, "but on Monday they are both to go to Mr. Tikey's with us."

Something aloft very large and black at this moment startled Emily. Johnny, who had climbed up a tall poplar-tree, and was shaking it portentously, began to let himself down apparently at the peril of his life, and the girls at the same moment coming out of the house, welcomed Emily, letting her know that their father had given them a large, *lovely* cuckoo clock to hang up in Parliament. "And you shall come and see it," they said. Emily knew this was a most unusual privilege. "Johnny is not gone up there to look for nests," said Gladys, "but to reconnoitre the country. If we let you know what for, you won't tell?"

"Certainly not," said Emily, and she was borne off to Parliament, feeling a curiosity to see it, because John had fitted it up for the special and exclusive delectation of his young brood. It embodied his notion of what children would delight in.

An extraordinary place indeed she thought it. At least fifty feet long, and at the end farthest from the house, without carpet. A carpenter's bench, many tools, and some machines were there, shavings strewed the floor; something, evidently meant to turn out a wheelbarrow, was in course of being hewn

from a solid piece of wood, by very young carpenters, and various articles of furniture by older hands were in course of concoction. "Johnny and Cray carved this in the winter," said the girls, "and when it is done it will be a settle, and stand in the arbour where papa smokes sometimes."

At the other end of the room was spread a very handsome new Turkey carpet; a piano stood there, and a fine pair of globes; the walls were hung with maps, but also with some of the strangest pictures possible; figures chiefly, with scrolls proceeding from their mouths, on which sentences were written. A remarkable chair, very rude and clumsy, but carved all over with letters, flowers, birds, and other devices, attracted Emily's attention.

"What is that? Why, don't you see that it's a throne? Father's throne when he comes to Parliament to make a speech, or anything of that sort there. Johnny made it, but we all carved our initials on it."

Emily inspected the chair, less to remark on the goodness of the carving than to express her approval of its spirit. Johnny's flowers were indeed wooden, but his birds and insects, though flat and rough, were all intended to be alive. He had too much directness, and also real vitality, to carve poor dead birds hanging by the legs with torn and ruffled feathers, and showing pathetically their quenched and faded eyes; he wanted his birds to peck and his beetles to be creeping. Luckily for himself, he saw no beauty in death and misery, still less could think them ornamental.

Emily praised his wooden work, and the girls, with a sort of shy delight, questioned her: "Was it really true, then, that Miss Fairbairn was gone, and was not coming back to England for weeks and weeks?" "Yes, really true; why had they made themselves so miserable about nothing?" "Ah, you were so kind; but, dear Mrs. Walker, you know very well how horrid it would have been to have a stepmother."

Emily sat down and looked about her. A very large slate, swung on a stand like a looking-glass, stood on the edge of the carpet. On it were written these words: "I cry, 'Jam satis,'" John's writing evidently, and of great size. She had no time, however, to learn what it meant, for, with a shout like a war-whoop, Johnny's voice was heard below, and presently, as it were, driving his little brothers

and sisters before him, Johnny himself came blundering up-stairs at full speed with Crayshaw on his back. "Bolt it, bolt the door," panted Crayshaw; and down darted one of the girls to obey. "And you kids sit down on the floor every one of you, that you mayn't be there below, and don't make a thound," said Johnny, depositing Crayshaw on a couch, while Barbara began to fan him. "They're coming up the lane," were Johnny's first words, when the whole family was seated on the floor like players at hunt the slipper. "You won't tell, Mrs. Walker?"

"Not tell what, to whom?" asked Emily.

"Why that fellow, Cray's brother, wrote to Mr. Brandon that he was coming, and should take him away. It's a shame."

"It's a shame," repeated Crayshaw, panting. "I wish the Continent had never been invented."

"Hold your tongue; if you make yourself pant they'll hear you. Hang being done good to! Why, you've been perfectly well till this day, for the last six months —"

"And should have been now," Crayshaw gasped out, "only I ran over here just after my lunch."

Emily, the only person seated on a chair, John's throne in fact, was far back in the room, and could not be seen from below. A few minutes passed away, while Crayshaw began to breathe like other people, and a certain scratching noise was heard below, upon which significant looks entreated her to be silent. She thought she would let things take their course, and sat still for a minute, when a casement was flung open below, and a shrill voice cried, "Mr. Swan, I say, here's Mr. Brandon in the stable-yard, and another gentleman, and they want very particular to know where Master Johnny is."

"I can't say I know, cookie," answered Swan.

"And," continued the same shrill voice, "if you can't tell 'em that, they'd like to know where Matthew is."

Matthew was the coachman, and Swan's rival.

"Just as if I knew! why, he's so full of fads he won't trust anybody, and nothing ever suits him. You may tell them, if you like," he answered, not intending her to take him at his word, "that I expect he's gone to dig his own

grave, for fear when he's dead they shouldn't do it to his mind."

The cook laughed and slammed the casement.

Presently, coming round to the front garden, wheels were heard grating on the gravel, and Brandon's voice shouted, "Swan, Swan, I say, is young Crayshaw here?"

"No, sir," Swan shouted in reply; "not as I know of."

Two voices were heard to parley at a distance, great excitement prevailed up in Parliament, excepting in the mind of Anastasia, whose notion of her own part in this ceremony of hiding was that she must keep her little feet very even and close together beside Johnny's great ones; so she took no notice, though hasty footsteps were heard, and a voice spoke underneath, "Whereabout can young Mortimer be? we must find him."

"I don't know, sir," repeated Swan, still raking peaceably.

"He cannot be very far off, Swanny," said Brandon, "we saw him up the poplar-tree not a quarter of an hour ago."

"Ay, sir, I shouldn't wonder," said Swan carelessly. "Bless you, whether their folks air rich or poor, they never think at that age what it costs to clothe 'em. I never found with my boys that they'd done climbing for crows' eggs till such time as they bought their own breeches. After that trees were nought but lumber, and crows were carrion."

"But we really must find these boys, if we can," exclaimed Brandon; "and it seems as if they had all the family with them, the place is so quiet. Where do you think they can have gone?"

"I haven't a notion, sir — maybe up to the fir-woods, maybe out to the common — they roam all about the country on half-holidays."

"Oh," said the other voice, "they may go where they please, may they?"

"Naturally so," said Swan; "they may go anywhere, sir, or do anything in reason, on a half-holiday. It would be a shame to give a pig leave to grunt, and then say he's not to grunt through his nose."

"Perhaps they're up in Parliament," observed Brandon.

"No, that they're not," Swan exclaimed; "so sure as they're there they make the roof ring."

"And the door's locked."

"Yes, the door's locked, and wherever they air they've got the key. They let

nobody in, sir, but my daughter, and she goes o' mornings to sweep it out."

"Well, Swan, good day. Come on, George, we'll try the fir-wood first."

"Or perhaps they're gone to Wigfield," said the second voice.

"No, sir, I think not," said Swan. "They sent one of the little boys there on an errand, so I judge that they've no call to go again."

Yes, one of the little boys had been sent, and had no reason to be ashamed of what he had also done there on his own account.

What! though I have all sorts of good food in my father's house, and plenty of it, shall it not still be a joy to me to buy a whole pot of plum-jam with my ninepence? Certainly it shall, and with generous ardour I shall call my younger brothers and sisters together to my little room, where in appreciative silence we shall hang over it, while I dig it out with the butt-end of my tooth-brush.

Johnny's face grew radiant as these two went off to search the fir-wood, but nobody dared to speak or stir, for Swan was still close underneath, so close that they could hear him grumbling to himself over the laziness of a woman who had been hired to weed the walks for him, and was slowly scratching them at a good distance.

"Ay, there you go, grudging every weed you pull. The master says it ain't a woman's work — wants to raise you — you! 'Sir,' says I, 'folks can't rise o' top of parish pay.' Ay, she was a pauper, and she'd have liked to charge the parish twopence a time for suckling her own child. Now what would you have? Ain't two shillings a day handsome for scratching out half a peck of grass? You might work here for some time, too, but bless us, what's the good of saying to such as you, 'Don't stand waiting for good luck, and give the go-by to good opportunity?' Your man's just like you," he continued, using his rake with delicate skill among the flowers, while she scratched calmly on, out of hearing — "your man's just like you, idle dog! (You won't raise Phil Raby in a trice.) Why, if he was rich enough to drive his own taxed cart, he'd sooner jolt till his bones ached than get down to grease his wheels." Then a short silence, and other feet came up. "Well, Jemmy man, and what do you want?"

A small voice, in a boy's falsetto tone answered, "Please, Mr. Swan, I've brought the paper."

"Have you now, and what's the news, Jemmy, do you know?"

"Yes — coals are riz again."

"You don't say so! that's a thing to make a man thoughtful; and what else, Jemmy?"

"Why, the governor-general's come home from India."

"Only think o' that! Well, he may come and welcome for ought I care, Jemmy. Let the cook give warning or keep her place, it's all one to the flies in the kitchen window."

The new-comer withdrew, and Swan was presently heard to throw down his rake and go off to argue with his subordinate, whom he very soon preceded into the back garden behind the house, to the great joy of the party in Parliament, who, still sitting perfectly quiet, began to talk in low tones, Emily inquiring what they really hoped to effect by concealing themselves.

"Why, George Crayshaw," said Cray (that being his manner of designating his brother when he was not pleased with him) — "George Crayshaw is only come down here for one day, and Mr. Brandon had fully arranged that I should go to Mr. Tikey till we two return to Harrow, and now he's going to Germany, and wants me to start with him this very day — says the dry Continental air may do me good. Why, I am perfectly well — perfectly."

"So it appears," said Emily.

"Look how he's grown, then," exclaimed Johnny, who had almost left off lisping, "he hardly ever has a touch of asthma now. His brother hates trouble, so if he cannot find him he may go off by himself."

"I was just writing out my verses," Crayshaw whispered, "when I overheard Mr. Brandon saying in the garden that he expected George."

"Were you alone?" asked Gladys, hoping he had not been seen to run off.

"Was I alone?" Well, there was nobody present but myself, if you call that being alone — I don't. That fellow argues so; he's so intrusive, and often makes such a noise that I can get no retirement for writing my poetry."

"What a goose you are, Cray!" said Barbara. "I wish, though, you would speak lower."

"Besides," continued Crayshaw, excusing himself to Mrs. Walker, "it's so dull being with George, he's always collecting things. The last time I saw him he was on his knees cleaning up a dingy

old picture he'd just bought. Fanny stood beside him with a soapy flannel. She looked quite religious; she was so grave. I saw a red cabbage in the picture and a pot of porter, the froth extremely fine. 'I hope,' said George, very hot after his exertions, 'that when you are of age you will follow in my steps, and endow our common country with some of these priceless — 'Common,' interrupted Mrs. Jannaway. 'Common country, do I hear aright, George Crayshaw?' (I don't love that old lady *much*.) 'George,' I said, for I pitied him for having a mother-in-law, 'when I get my money I shall pay a man to paint another old picture for you, as a companion to that. There shall be three mackerel in it, very dead indeed; they shall lie on a willow-pattern plate, while two cock-roaches that have climbed up it squint over the edge at them. There shall also be a pork-pie in it, and a brigand's hat. The composition will be splendid. I took out my pocket-book and said, 'I'll make a mem. of it now.' So I did, and added, 'Mem.: Never to have a mother-in-law, unless her daughter is as pretty as Fanny Crayshaw.'

The little boys were now allowed to have tools and go on with their carving, still seated on the ground. The girls took out their tatting, and talk went on.

"Mrs. Walker has just been saying that she cannot bear carving, and pictures of dead things," observed Barbara. "So, Cray, she will think you right to despise those your brother buys. And, Johnny, she wishes to know about our pictures."

"And those great sentences too," added Emily. "What do they mean?"

"The big picture is Dover," said little Janie, "and that Britannia sitting on the cliff, they cut out of *Punch* and stuck on. You see she has a boot in her hand. It belongs to our sham memory that father made for us."

"It's nearly the same as what Feinangle invented," Johnny explained. "The vowels do not count, but all the consonants stand for figures. Miss Crampton used to make the kids so miserable. She would have them learn dates, and they could not remember them."

"Even Barbara used to cry over the dates," whispered Janie.

"You needn't have told that," said Barbara sharply.

"But at first we altered the letters so many times, that father said he would not help us, unless we made a decree that they should stay as they were forever,"

said Gladys. "Johnny had stolen the letter I, and made it stand for one. So it does still, though it is a vowel. Janie has a form of our plan. Hand it up, Janie."

Janie accordingly produced a little bag, and unfolded a paper.

"The rule is," said Gladys, "that you make a sentence of words beginning with any one of those letters that stand for the figures you want to remember. Miss Crampton wanted us to know the dates of all Wellington's battles; of course we couldn't; we do now, though. You see Britannia's scroll has on it, 'I'll put *on* Wellington boots,' that means 1802. So we know, to begin with, that till after she put on Wellington boots, we need not trouble ourselves to remember anything particular about him."

"There's a portrait of Lord Palmerston," whispered Crayshaw, "he has a map of Belgium pasted on his breast. He says, 'I, Pam, managed this.'"

"Yes, that means the date of the independence of Belgium," said Gladys. "Johnny made it, but father says it is not quite fair."

"The best ones," Johnny explained, "ought not to have any extra word, and should tell you what they mean themselves. 'I hear navvies coming,' is good — it means the making of the first railway. Here are four not so good: — Magna Charta — 'The barons *extorted* this charter,' 1215. The Reformation — 'They came out of you, Rome,' 1534. Discovery of America — 'In re a famous navigator,' 1492. And Waterloo — Bonaparte says it — 'Isle perdue tu as vaincu,' 1815."

"I have thought of one for the Reform Bill," said Emily: "get a portrait of Lord Russell, and let his scroll say, 'They've passed my bill.'"

"That is a good one, but they must not be too simple and easy, or they are forgotten," said one of the girls; "but we make them for many things besides historical events. Those are portraits, and show when people were born. There is dear Grand; 'I *owe* Grand love and duty.' The next one is Tennyson; 'I have won laurels.' There's Swan; Swan said he did not know whether he was born in 1813 or 1814; so Johnny did them both. 'The principal thing's muck as these here *airy* tates require.' You see the first Napoleon, looking across the Channel at Britannia with the boots: he says, 'I hate white cliffs,' which means Trafalgar; and 'I cry, 'Jam satis,' father has just invented

for Charles, that king of Spain who was emperor of Germany too. You can see by it that he abdicated in 1556. Miss Crampton used to wonder at our having become so clever with our dates all on a sudden. And there's one that Mr. Brandon made. You see those ships? That is a picture of Boston harbour (Cray's Boston). If you were nearer, you could see them pouring something over their sides into the water, using the harbour for a teapot. On their pennons is written, 'Tea of King George's *own* making.' Oh, Cray! what is that noise?" Silence, a crunching of decided step coming on fast and firmly; the faces of the party fell.

"It's all up!" sighed Crayshaw.

Somebody shook the door at the foot of the stairs; then a voice rang through the place like a silver trumpet, "Johnny."

"Yes, father," answered Johnny in the loud melancholy tone not infrequently used by a boy when he succumbs to lawful authority.

"What are you about, sir? What are you thinking of? Come down this moment, and open the door."

One of the little boys had been already despatched down-stairs, and was turning the key. In another instant John Mortimer, coming quickly up beheld the party seated on the floor, looking very foolish, and Mrs. Walker in his throne laughing. Crayshaw got up to present himself, and take the blame on his own shoulders, and John was so much surprised to find Emily present, and perhaps aiding, that he stopped short in his inquiry how they had dared to bring him home when he was so busy, and observing the ridiculous side of the question, sat down at once, and laughed also, while she said something by way of excuse for them, and they made the best defence they could.

Emily had the little Anastasia in her arms; the child tired of inaction, had fallen asleep, with her delicate rosy cheek leaning against Emily's fair throat.

John felt the beauty of the attitude, and perceived how Emily's presence gave completeness to the group.

Much too young to be the mother of the elder children, there was still something essentially mother-like in all her ways. His children, excepting the one asleep in her arms, were all grouped on the floor at her feet. "Just so Janie would have sat, if she had lived," he thought. "I should often have seen something like this here, as the children

grew older." And while he listened to the account given by the two boys of their doings, he could not help looking at Emily, and thinking, as he had sometimes done before, that she bore, in some slight degree, a resemblance to his wife — his wife whom he had idealized a good deal lately — and who generally, in his thought, presented herself to him as she had done when, as a mere lad, he first saw her. A dark-haired and grey-eyed young woman, older than himself, as a very young man's first admiration frequently is. He felt that Emily was more graceful, had a charm of manner and a sweetness of nature that Janie had never possessed. He seldom allowed himself to admit even to his own mind that his wife had been endowed with very slight powers of loving. On that occasion, however, the fact was certainly present to his thought; "but," he cogitated, "we had no quarrels. A man may sometimes do with but little love from his wife, if he is quite sure she loves no other man more."

He started from his reverie as Crayshaw ceased to speak. "I thought you had more sense," he said, with the smile still on his mouth that had come while he mused on Emily. "And now don't flatter yourself that you are to be torn from your friends and hurled on the Continent against your will. Nothing of the sort, my boy! You have a more difficult part to play; you are to do as you please."

Crayshaw's countenance fell a little.

"Is George really angry, sir?" he asked.

"He did not seem so. He remarked that you were nearly seventeen, and that he did not specially care about this journey."

Something very like disappointment stole over Cray's face then — something of that feeling which now and then shows us that it is rather a blow to us to have, all on a sudden, what we wanted. What would we have, then? We cannot exactly tell; but it seems *that* was not it.

"Your brother thought you and Johnny might be with me, and came to ask. I, of course, felt sure you were here. If you decide to go with him, you are to be back by six o'clock; if not, you go to Mr. Tikey on Monday. Now, my boy, I am not going to turn you out-of-doors. So adieu."

Thus saying, because Emily's little charge was awake, and she had risen and was taking leave of the girls, he brought

her down-stairs, and, wishing her good-bye at his gate, went back to Wigfield, while she returned home.

This young woman, who had been accustomed to reign over most of the men about her, felt, in her newly-learned humility, a sense of elation from merely having been a little while in the presence of the man whom she loved. She reflected on his musing smile, had no thought that it concerned her, and hoped nothing better than that he might never find out how dear he was to her.

As for John Mortimer, he returned to the town, musing over some turn in political affairs that pleased him, cogitating over the contents of a bill then under discussion in Parliament, wondering whether it would get much altered before the second reading, while all the time, half unconsciously to himself, the scene in that other Parliament was present to him.

Just as a scene; nothing more. Emily sitting on his throne—his! with his smallest child nestling in her arms, so satisfied, one knew not which of the two had the most assured air of possession. Half unaware, he seemed to hear again the contented sighing of the little creature in her sleep, and Emily's low, sweet laugh when she saw his astonishment at her presence.

Then there was the young American stepping forward through a narrow sun-beam into the brown shade to meet him, with such a shame-faced, boyish air of conscious delinquency. Conscious, indeed, that he was the author of a certain commotion, but very far, assuredly, from being conscious that he, Gifford Crayshaw, by means of this schoolboy prank, was taking the decisive step towards a change in the destiny of every soul then bearing a part in it.

John Mortimer reached the town. He had rallied the boy, and made him see his folly. "A fine young fellow," he reflected, "and full of fun. I don't care how often he comes here," and so in thought he dismissed Crayshaw and his boyish escapade, to attend to more important matters.

Emily, as she went towards home, was soon overtaken by the twins, Johnny, and Crayshaw. Opposition being now withdrawn, the latter young gentleman had discovered that he ought to go with his brother, and was moderately good-tempered about it. Johnny Mortimer, on the other hand, was gloriously sulky, and

declined to take any notice of his fellow-creatures, even when they spoke to him.

At the stepping-stones over the brook, Emily parted with the young people, receiving from Crayshaw the verses he had copied.

"Gladys had possessed them for a week, and liked them," said the young poet. "I meant one of them for a parody, but Mr. Mortimer said it was not half enough like for parody, it only amounted to a kind of honest plagiarism."

Considering the crestfallen air of the author, and the sigh with which he parted from her and went his way to join his brother, she was rather surprised to find the sort of verses that they were. They were copied in a neat, boyish hand and read as follows:—

SOUVENIR OF SOUTH WALES.

(A cad would thay "I thor.")

But once I saw her by the stream
(A cad would say "I sor"),
Yet ofttimes of that once I dream,
That once and never more.

By the fair flood she came to lean
(Her gown was lilac print),
And dip her pitcher down between
The stalks of water-mint.

Then shoals of little fishes fled,
And sun-flecks danced amain,
And rings of water spread and spread
Till all was smooth again.

I saw her somewhat towzled hair
Reflected in the brook—
I might have seen her often there,
Only—I didn't look.

G. C.

SONG OF THE BASEMENT STORY.

Her mean abode was but a cell;
'Twas lonely, chill, and drear.
Her work was all her wealth, but well
She wrought with hope and cheer.

She, envious not of great or gay,
Slept, with unbolted doors;
Then woke, and as we Yankees say,
"Flew round" and did her chores.

All day she worked; no lover lent
His aid; and yet with glee
At dusk she sought her home, content,
That beauteous Bumble Bee.

A cell it was, nor more nor less.

But O! all's one to me
Whether you write it with an S,
Dear girl, or with a C.

April 1st.

N.B. The motto for this ought to be, "For she was a water-rat."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MELCOMBE.

"In the pleasant orchard closes
 'God bless all our gains,' say we,
 But 'May God bless all our losses,
 Better suits with our degree.'"

E. B. BROWNING.

THE shade of twilight was but just fleeting, a faint glow waxed over the eastern hills, and the great orchard of pear-trees that pressed up to one end of Melcombe House showed white as an army of shrouded ghosts in the dim solemnities of dawn. The house was closely shut up, and no one met Valentine, as, tired after a night journey, he dismissed a hired fly at the inn, and came up slowly to those grand old silent trees.

Without sunshine, white in nature is always most solemn. Here stillness was added; not a bird was yet awake, not a leaf stirred. A faint bluish haze appeared to confuse the outlines of the trees, but as he lingered looking at them and at the house which he had now fully decided to take for his home, Mr. Melcombe saw this haze dissolve itself and retreat; there was light enough to make the paleness whiter, and to show the distinct brown trunk of each pear-tree, with the cushions of green moss at its roots. Formless whiteness and visible dusk had divided themselves into light and shade, then came a shaft of sunshine, the boughs laden with dewy blossom sparkled like snow, and in one instant the oppression of their solemnity was over, and they appeared to smile upon his approach to his home.

He had done everything he could think of, and knew not how to devise anything further, and yet this secret, if there was one, would not come forward and look him in the face. He had searched the house in the first instance for letters and papers; there were some old letters, and old papers also, but not one that did not seem to be as clear in the innocence of its meaning as possible; there was even one that set at rest doubt and fear which he had hitherto entertained. He had found no closets in the wall, no locked chambers; he had met with no mysterious silences, mysterious looks, mysterious words. Then he had gone to meet the bereaved mother, that if she had anything to say in the way of warning to him, or repentance for herself, he might lay himself out to hear it; but no, he had found her generally not willing to talk, but all she did say showed tender rever-

ence for the dead Melcombes, and passionate grief for her boy who had been taken, as she said, before he was old enough even to estimate at its due value the prosperous and happy career he had before him. He tried Laura. Laura, though sincerely sorry for poor little Peter's death, was very sentimental; told Valentine, to his surprise, that it was mainly on her account they had wintered on the Continent, and with downcast eyes and mysterious confusion, that made him tremble, at first utterly declined to tell him the reason.

When he found, therefore, that Mrs. Melcombe did not care at present to return to England, and was far better able than he was to arrange her journey when she did, he might have come home at once, but for this mystery of Laura's. And when, after cultivating his intimacy with her for nearly a month, he at last found out, beyond a doubt, that it related to a love affair which Amelia had not approved of, he felt as if everything he approached, concerning the matter of his father's letter, melted into nothingness at his touch.

He acknowledged to himself that he should have been deeply disappointed if he had discovered anything to justify this letter; and when the full, low sunlight shone upon his large comfortable old house, glorified the blossoming orchard and set off the darkness of the ancient yews, he felt a touch of that sensation, which some people think is not fancy only. Everything about him seemed familiar. The old-fashioned quaintness was a part of himself. "The very first time I saw that clean, empty coach-house," he reflected, "I felt as if I had often played in it. I almost seemed to hear other boys shouting to me. Is it true that I never let off squibs and crackers in that yard?"

He walked nearer. How cheerful it all looked, swept up with extra neatness, and made orderly for the new master's eyes!

"By-the-bye," he thought, catching sight of a heavy old outhouse door, "there is the ghost story. Having examined all realities so far as I can, I will try my hand at things unreal—for even now, though I am very grateful to Providence for such a house and such an inheritance, once show me a good reason, and over it goes, as it should have done at first, if my father could have given me one. That door seems just the sort of thing for a ghost to pass through. I'll look at

the book Laura told me of, and see which door it was."

So the house being now open, and Mr. Melcombe observed by his servants (who alone were there to give him welcome), he entered, ordered breakfast, which was spread for him in the "great parlour," and having now got into the habit of making investigations, had no sooner finished his meal than he began to look at the notes he had made from what Mrs. Melcombe had told him of the ghost story.

It was a story that she had not half finished when he recognized it—he had read it with all its particulars in a book, only with the names and localities disguised.

"Oh, yes," she answered, when he said so. "It is very well known; it has always been considered one of the best-authenticated stories of its kind on record, though it was not known beyond the family and the village for several years. Augustus Melcombe, you know, was the name of the dear grandmother's only brother, her father's heir; he was her father's only son, two daughters born between died in infancy. That poor young fellow died at sea, and just at the time (as is supposed) that he expired, his wraith appeared to the old woman, Becky Maddison, then a very young girl. I am sorry to say the old woman has made a gain of this story. People often used to come to hear it, and she certainly does not always tell it exactly the same. People's inquiries, I suppose, and suggestions, have induced her to add to it; but the version I am giving you is what she first told."

Mrs. Melcombe mentioned the book in which Valentine would find it, and repeated from memory the impressive conclusion, "And this story of the young man's appearance to her had been repeatedly told by the girl before his family became alarmed at his protracted absence. It was during the long war, and the worst they feared was that he might have been taken prisoner; but more than three years after a member of the family met by accident, when some hundred miles away from home, a naval officer who had sailed in the ship to which this young lieutenant belonged, and heard from him, not without deep emotion, that at that very time and at that very hour the youth had died at sea."

"There is only one mistake in that version," continued Mrs. Melcombe, "and that is, that we do not know the exact

time when the young man died. Cuthbert Melcombe was not told the month even, only the year."

"But surely that is a very important mistake," said Valentine.

"Yes, for those to consider who believe in supernatural stories. It is certain, however, that the girl told this story within a day or two, and told it often, so that it was known in the village. It is certain also that he was at sea, and that he never came home. And it is undoubtedly true that Cuthbert, when in London, heard this account, for he wrote his mother home a description of the whole interview, with the officer's name and ship. I have seen the letter, and read it over several times. The year of the death at sea is mentioned, but not the day. Now the day of the ghost's appearance we cannot be wrong about; it was that before the night of the great gale which did such damage in these parts, that for years it could not be forgotten."

"You have read the letter, you say?"

"Yes; it was an important one, I suppose. But I fancy that it was not read by any one but the dear grandmother till after poor Cuthbert Melcombe's sad death, and then I think the family lawyer found it among her papers when she had to inherit the estate. He may have wanted evidence, perhaps, that Augustus Melcombe was dead."

"Perhaps so," said Valentine. "It is just of the usual sort, I see, this story; a blue light hovering about the head. The ghost walked in his shroud, and she saw the seams in it."

"Yes, and then it passed through the door without opening it," added Laura, who was present. "How dear grandmother disliked the woman! She showed a sort of fear, too, of that door, which made us sure she believed the story."

"Very natural," said Mrs. Melcombe, sighing, "that she could not bear to have her misfortunes made a subject for idle talk and curiosity. I am sure I should feel keenly hurt if it was ever said that my poor innocent darling haunted the place."

"Had anything been said against him in his lifetime?" Valentine next ventured to ask. "Had he done anything which was likely to put it into people's heads to say he might be uneasy in his grave?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort," said Laura. "And then old Becky is thought to have added circumstances to the story, so that it came from that cause to be dis-

credited of late. It is almost forgotten now, and we never believed it at all; but it certainly is an odd coincidence that she should have told it of a man who never came back to contradict her, and who really did die, it appears, about that time."

Valentine accordingly went in the course of a few days to find old Becky Maddison. The cottage was not far from the village. Only the daughter was below, and when Valentine had told his name and errand, she went up-stairs, perhaps to prepare her mother, to whom she presently conducted him.

Valentine found her a poor bedridden creature, weak, frail, and querulous. She was in a clean and moderately comfortable bed, and when she saw him her puckered face and faded eyes began to look more intelligent and attentive, and she presently remarked on his likeness to his father.

A chair was set for him, and sitting down, he showed a sovereign in his palm, and said, "I want to hear the ghost-story; tell it me as it really was, and you shall have this."

A shabby book was lying on the bed.

"Her can tell it no better'n it's told here," said the daughter.

Valentine took up the book. It was the same that he knew; the blue light and the shroud appeared in it. He put the money into her hand. "No," he said; "you shall have the money beforehand. Now, then, say what you really saw."

Old Becky clutched the gold, and said, in a weak, whimpering tone, "'Taint often I tell it—ain't told it sin' Christmas marnin', old madam couldn't abide to hear on't."

"Old madam's gone," said Valentine seriously.

"Ay, her be—her wer a saint, and sings in heaven now."

"And I want to hear it."

Thereupon the old woman roused herself a little, and with the voice and manner of one repeating a lesson, told Valentine word for word the trumpery tale in the book; how she had seen Mr. Melcombe early in the morning, as she went up to the house on washing-day to help the servants. For "madam," a widow already, had leave to live there till he should return. He was walking in his shroud among the cherry-trees, and he looked seriously at her. She passed, but turned instantly, and he had disappeared;

he must have gone right through the crack of the door.

Valentine was vexed, and yet relieved. Such a ridiculous tale could only be an invention; and yet, if she would have told it in different words, or have added anything, it might have led to some discovery—it might, at least, have shown how it came to pass that such a story had obtained credit.

"That was it, was it?" he said, feigning content. "I should like to ask you another question; perhaps your daughter will not mind going down."

With evident reluctance the daughter withdrew. Valentine shut the door, and came back to his place.

Naturally enough, he cared nothing about the story; so he approached the only thing he did care about in the matter. "I want to ask you this one thing: a ghost, you say, appeared to you—well, what do you think it was for—what did it want—what did it mean?"

Evident surprise on the part of his listener.

"It must have come for something," Valentine added, when she remained silent. "Have you never considered what?"

"Ay, sir, surely. He came to let folks know he was gone."

"And that was all, you think?"

"What else could he come for?" she answered.

"Nobody has ever said, then, that it came for anything else," thought Valentine. "The poor ghost is not accused of any crime, and there is no crime known of concerning the family or place that could be imputed to him."

"You are sure you have nothing more to say to me?"

"Ne'er a word, sir, this blessed marnin', but thank you kindly."

Perhaps Valentine had never felt better pleased in his life than he did when he went down the narrow, dark stairs, after his interview with Becky Maddison. To find that without doubt she was either a fool or an impostor, was not what should have softened his heart and opened his purse for her; but he had feared to encounter her story far more than he had known himself till now that all fear was over. So when he got down to the daughter he was gracious, and generously gave her leave to come to the house for wine and any other comforts that the old woman might require. "And I shall come and see her from time to time," he added,

as he went his way, for with the old woman's last word had snapped the chain that had barred the road to Melcombe. It was his. He should dispense its charity, pay its dues, and from henceforth, without fear or superstition, enjoy its revenues.

About this time something occurred at John Mortimer's house, which made people hold up their hands and exclaim, "What next?"

It would be a difficult matter to tell that story correctly, considering how many had a hand in the telling of it, and that no two of them told it in the least degree alike; considering also that Mr. Mortimer, who certainly could have told the greater part of it, had (so far as was known) never told it at all.

Everybody said he had knocked up Swan and Mrs. Swan at six o'clock one morning, and sent the former to call up Matthew the coachman, who also lived out of the house. "And that," said Swan, when he admitted the fact to after questioners, "Matthew never will forgive me for doing. He hates to get his orders through other folks, specially through me. He allus grudges me the respect as the family can't help feeling for me. Not but that he gets his share, but he counts nothing his if its mine too. He'd like to pluck the very summer out of my almanack, and keep it in his own little back parlour." Everybody said, also, that Mrs. Swan had made the fire that morning in Mr. Mortimer's kitchen, and that Matthew had waited on him and his four daughters at breakfast, nobody else being in the house, gentle or simple.

Gentle or simple. That was certainly true, for the governess had taken her departure two days previously.

After this, everybody said that Matthew brought the carriage round, and Mr. Mortimer put in the girls, and got in himself, telling Matthew to drive to Wigfield Hall, where, Mr. Brandon coming out to meet him with a look of surprise, he said "Giles, we are early visitors;" and Mr. Brandon answered, "All the more welcome, John." Everybody said also that the four Miss Mortimers remained for several days with Mrs. Brandon, and very happy they seemed.

But though people knew no more, they naturally said a good deal more—they always do. Some said that Mr. Mortimer, coming home unexpectedly after a journey in the middle of the night, found the kitchen chimney on fire, and some of the servants asleep on the floor, nothing

like so sober as they should have been. Others said he found a dance going on in the servants' hall, and the cook waltzing with a policeman, several gentlemen of the same craft being present. Others, again, said that when he returned he found the house not only empty, but open; that he sat down and waited, in a towering passion, till they all returned in two frys from some festivities at a public-house in Wigfield; and then, meeting them at the door, he retained the frys, and waving his hand, ordered them all off the premises; saw them very shortly depart, and locked the doors behind them. It was a comfort to be able to invent so many stories, and not necessary to make them tally, for no one could contradict them; certainly not any one of the four Miss Mortimers, for they had all been fast asleep the whole time.

Mr. Mortimer held his peace; but while staying with Mr. and Mrs. Brandon till he could reconstruct his household, he was observed at first to be out of spirits, and vastly inclined to be out of temper. He did his very best to hide this, but he could not hide a sort of look, half shame, half amusement, which would now and then steal round the corners of his mouth, as if it had come out of some hiding-place to take a survey of things in general.

John Mortimer had perhaps rather prided himself on his penetration, his powers of good government, the order and respectability of his household, and other matters of that description. He had been taught in rather an ignominious fashion that he had overvalued himself in those particulars.

He was always treated by strangers whom he employed with a great deal of respect and deference; but this was mainly owing to a somewhat commanding presence and a good deal of personal dignity. When the same people got used to him, perceived the *bonhomie* of his character, his carelessness about money matters, and his easy household ways, they were sometimes known to take all the more advantage of him from having needlessly feared him at first.

He said to Giles, "It is very evident now that I must marry. I owe it to the mother of my children, and in fact to them."

Mrs. Brandon said this to Mrs. Walker when, the next day, these two ladies met, and were alone together, excepting for the presence of St. George Mortimer Brandon, which did not signify. "The house

might have been robbed," she continued, "and the children burnt in their beds."

"Giles told you this afterwards?"

"Yes."

Emily looked uncomfortable. "One never knows how men may discuss matters when they are alone. I hope, if John ever asked advice of Giles, he would not——"

Here a pause.

"He would not recommend any one in particular," said Dorothea, looking down on her baby's face. "Oh no, I am certain he would not think of such a thing. Besides, the idea that he had any one to suggest has, I know, never entered his head."

This she said without looking at Emily, and in a matter-of-fact tone. If one had discovered anything, and the other was aware of it, she could still here at least feel perfectly safe. This sister of hers, even to her own husband, would never speak.

"And that was all?"

"No; Giles said he gave him various ludicrous particulars, and repeated, with such a sincere sigh, 'I must marry—it's a dire necessity!'" that Giles laughed, and so did he."

"Poor John!" said Emily, "there certainly was not much in his first marriage to tempt him into a second. And so I suppose Giles encouraged him, saying, as he often does, that he had never known any happiness worth mentioning till he married."

"Yes, dear," said Dorothea, "and he answered, 'But you did not pitch yourself into matrimony like a man taking a header into a fathomless pool. You were in love, old fellow, and I am not. Why, I have not decided yet on the lady!' He cannot mean, therefore, to marry forthwith, Emily; besides, it must be the literal truth that he has not even half unconsciously a real preference for any one, or he could not have talked so openly to Giles. He does not even foresee any preference."

"But I hope to help him to a preference very soon," she thought, and added aloud, "Dear, you will stay and dine with us?"

Emily replied that she could not, she was to dine with a neighbour; and she shortly departed, in possession of the most imprudent speeches John had ever made (for he was usually most reticent), and she could not guess of course that one of his assertions time had already falsified. He *had* decided on the lady.

While the notion that he must marry had slumbered, his thought that Emily should be his wife had slumbered also; but that morning, driving towards Wigfield, he had stopped at his own house to give some orders, and then had gone up into "Parliament" to fetch out some small possessions that his twin daughters wanted. There, standing for a moment to look about him, his eyes had fallen on his throne, and instantly the image of Emily had recurred to him, and her attitude as she held his little child. To give a stepmother to his children had always been a painful thought. They might be snubbed, misrepresented to him, uncherished, unloved. But Emily! there was the tender grace of motherhood in her every action towards a little child; her yearning sense of loss found its best appeasement in the pretty exactions and artless dependence of small young creatures. No; Emily might spoil step-children if she had them, but she could not be unkind.

His cold opinion became a moderately pleased conviction. This was so much the right thing, that once contemplated, it became the only thing. He recalled her image again, as he looked at the empty throne, and he did not leave the room till he had fully decided to set her on it.

When John went back to dinner, he soon managed to introduce her name, and found those about him very willing to talk of her. It seemed so natural in that house. John recalled some of the anecdotes of her joyous girlhood for Dorothea's benefit; they laughed over them together. They all talked a good deal that evening of Emily, but this made no difference to John's intention; it was fully formed already.

So the next morning, having quite recovered his spirits, and almost forgotten what he had said three days before to his host, he remarked to himself, just as he finished dressing, "She has been a widow now rather more than a year. The sooner I do it, the better."

He sat down to cogitate. It was not yet breakfast-time. "Well," he said, "she is a sweet creature. What would I have, I wonder?"

He took a little red morocco case from his pocket-book, and opened it.

"My father was exceedingly fond of her," he next said, "and nothing would have pleased him better."

His father had inherited a very fine diamond ring from his old cousin, and had been in the habit of wearing it.

John, who never decked himself in jewellery of any sort, had lately taken this ring to London, and left it with his jeweller, to be altered so as to fit a lady's finger. He intended it for his future wife.

It had just been sent back to him.

Some people say, "There are no fools like old fools." It might be said with equal truth, there are no follies like the follies of a wise man.

"I cannot possibly play the part of a lover," said Mr. Mortimer, and his face actually changed its hue slightly when he spoke. "How shall I manage to give it to her!"

He looked at the splendid gem, glittering and sparkling. "And I hate insincerity," he continued. Then, having taken out the ring, he inspected it as if he wished it could help him, turning it round on the tip of his middle finger. "Trust her? I should think so! Like her? Of course I do. I'll settle on her anything Giles pleases, but I must act like a gentleman, and not pretend to any romantic feelings."

A pause.

"It's rather an odd thing," he further reflected, "that so many women as have all but asked me — so many as have actually let other women ask me for them — so many as I know I might now have almost at a week's notice, I should have taken it into my head that I must have this one, who doesn't care for me a straw. She'll laugh at me, very likely — she'll take me, though!"

Another pause.

"No, I won't have any one else, I'm determined. I'll agree to anything she demands." Here a sunbeam, and the diamonds darted forth to meet one another. The flash made him wink. "If she'll only undertake to reign and rule, and bring up the children — for she'll do it well, and love them too — I'm a very domestic fellow, I shall be fond of her. Yes, I know she'll soon wind me round her little finger." Here, remembering the sweetness of liberty, he sighed. "I'll lay the matter before her this morning. I shall not forget the respect due to her and to myself." He half laughed. "She'll soon know well enough what I'm come for; and if I stick fast, she will probably help me!" He shut up the ring. "She never has had the least touch of romance in her nature, and *she knows* that *I know* she didn't love her first husband a bit." He then looked at himself, or rather at his coat, in a long glass — it fitted to perfection. "If this crash

had not brought me to the point, I might have waited till somebody else won her. There goes the breakfast-bell. Well, I think I am decidedly glad on the whole."

CHAPTER XXIX.

UNHEARD-OF LIBERTIES.

"If he come not then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?"

Midsummer Night's Dream.

MISS CHRISTIE GRANT, sitting with Emily at ten o'clock in the morning, heard a ring at the bell, which she thought she knew. She pricked up her head to listen, and as it ceased tinkling she bustled out of the room.

The first virtue of a companion in Miss Christie Grant's view, was to know how to be judiciously absent.

"Mr. Mortimer."

Emily was writing, when she looked up on hearing these words, and saw John Mortimer advancing. Of course she had been thinking of him, thinking with much more hope than heretofore, but also with much more pride.

When he had stood remote, the object of such an impassioned, and to her, hitherto, such an unknown love, which transformed him and everything about him, and imparted to him such an almost unbearable charm — a power to draw her nearer and nearer without knowing it, or wanting her at all — she had felt that she could die for him, but she had not hoped to live for him, and spend a happy life at his side.

She did not hope it yet, she only felt that a blissful possibility was thrown down before her, and she might take it up if she could.

She knew that this strange absorbing love, which, like some splendid flower, had opened out in her path, was the one supreme blossom of her life — that life which is all too short for the unfolding of another such. But the last few hours had taught her something more, it was now just possible that he might pretend to gather this flower — he had something to learn then before he could wear it, he must love her, or she felt that her own love would break her heart.

Emily had not one of those poverty-stricken natures which are never glad excepting for some special reason drawing them above themselves. She was naturally joyous and happy, unless under the pressure of an active sorrow that shaded her sky and quenched her sunshine. She lived in an elevated region full of love

and wonder, taking kindly alike to reverence and to hope; but she was seldom excited, her feelings were not shallow enough to be easily troubled with excitement, or made fitful with agitation.

There was in her nature a suave harmony, a sweet and gracious calm, which love itself did not so much disturb as enrich and change,—love which had been born in the sacred loneliness of sorrow,—complicated with tender longing towards little children, nourished in silence, with beautiful shame and pride, and impassioned fear.

Yet it was necessary to her, even in all withdrawal from its object, even though it should be denied all expression forever—necessary to the life that it troubled, and raised, and enriched, with a vision of withheld completeness that was dimmed by the tears of her half “divine despair.”

She rose and held out her hand, and when he smiled with a certain air of embarrassment, she did also. She observed that he was sensitive about the ridiculous affair which had led to his turning out his household, besides this early call made her feel, but not in a way to discompose her, as if she were taken into the number of those ladies, among whom he meant to make his selection. Yes, it was as she had hoped. It warmed her to the heart to see it, but not the less was she aware of the ridiculous side of it. A vision of long-sustained conversations, set calls, and careful observations in various houses rose up before her; it was not in her nature to be unamused at the peculiar position that he had confessed to—“he had not decided on the lady.” She felt that she knew more of this than he supposed, and his embarrassment making her quite at her ease, the smiles kept peeping out as with her natural grace she began to talk to him.

“Emily, you are laughing at me,” he presently said, and he too laughed, felt at ease, and yielded to the charm that few men could resist, so far as to become at home and pleased with his hostess for making him so.

“Of course I am, John,” she answered. “I couldn’t think of being occupied with any one else just now!”

And then they began to talk discursively and, as it were, at large. John seemed to be fetching a wide compass. Emily hardly knew what he was about till suddenly she observed that he had ventured on dangerous ground, she man-

aged to give a little twist to the conversation, but he soon brought it back again, and she half turned, and looked up at him surprised.

While she occupied herself with a favourite piece of embroidery, and was matching the silks, holding them up to the light, he had risen, and was leaning against the side of the bay-window; a frequent attitude with him; for what are called “occasional” chairs are often rather frail and small for accommodating a large tall man, and drawing-room sofas are sometimes exceedingly low. In any one’s eyes he would have passed for a fine man, something more (to those who could see it) than a merely handsome man, for the curves of his mouth had mastery in them, and his eyes were full of grave sweetness. Emily was always delighted with the somewhat unusual meeting in him of personal majesty, with the good-humoured easy *bonhomie* which had caused his late discomfiture. She half turned and looked up.

“How charming she is!” he thought, as he looked down; “there will be grace and beauty into the bargain!” and he proceeded, in pursuit of what he considered sincere and gentlemanlike, to venture on the dangerous ground again, not being aware how it quaked under him.

The casual mention of some acquaintance who had lately married gave him the chance that he thought he wanted. He would be happy enough—people might in general be happy enough, he hinted, glancing from the particular instance to lay down a general proposition—“if they did not expect too much—if they were less romantic; for himself, he had not the presumption to expect more than a sincere liking—a cordial approval—such as he himself could entertain. It was the only feeling he had ever inspired, or —”

No, he did not say felt.

But he presently alluded to his late wife, and then reverting to his former speech, said, “And yet I was happy with her! I consider that I was fortunate.”

“Moderate,” thought Emily; “but as much as it is possible for him to say.”

“And,” he continued, “she has laid me under obligations that make it impossible for me ever to forget her. I feel the blessing of having our children about me. And—and also—what I owe to her on their account—I never spend a day without thinking of her.”

“Poor Janie!” thought Emily, very

much touched, "she did not deserve this tribute. How coldly I have often heard her talk of him!"

And then, not without a certain grave sweetness of manner that made her heart ache, alike with tender shame to think how little her dead husband had ever been accounted of, compared with this now possible future one, and with such jealousy as one may feel of a dead wife who would have cared as little for long remembrance as she had done for living affection, Emily listened while he managed quite naturally, and by the slightest hints, to bring her also in — her past lot and opinions. She felt, rather than heard, the intention; "and he could not presume to say," he went on, "he was not sure whether a man might hope for a second marriage, which could have all the advantages of a first. Yet, he thought that in any suitable marriage there might be enough benefit on both sides to make it almost equally —"

"Equally what?" Emily wondered.

John was trying to speak in a very matter-of-fact way, as merely laying down his views.

"Equally advantageous," he said at last; and not without difficulty.

"John," said Emily, rallying a little, and speaking with the least little touch of audacity, — "John, you are always fond of advancing your abstract theories. Now, I should have thought that if a man had felt any want in his first marriage, he would have tried for something more in a second, rather than have determined that there was no more to be had."

"Unless his reason assured him in more sober hours that he had had all, and given all that could in reason be expected," John answered. "I did not confess to having felt any want," he presently added. "Call this, since it pleases you, my abstract theory."

And then Emily felt that she too must speak; her dead husband deserved it of her far more than his dead wife had ever done.

"I do please," she answered; "this can be only an abstract theory to me. I knew no want of love in my marriage, only a frequent self-reproach — to think that I was unworthy, because I could not enough return it."

"A most needless self-reproach," he answered. "I venture to hope that people should never rebuke themselves because they happen to be incapable of ro-

mantic passion, or any of the follies of youthful love."

"Intended to restore my self-esteem. Shall I not soon be able to make you feel differently?" thought Emily. "You still remember Janie; you will never let her be disparaged. I think none the worse of you for that, my beloved — my hope."

He was silent till she glanced up at him again, with a sweet wistfulness, that was rather frequent with her; turning half round — for he stood at her side, not quite enough at his ease to look continually in her face — he was much surprised to find her so charming, so naïve in all her movements, and in the fitting expressions of her face.

He was pleased, too, though very much surprised, to find that she did not seem conscious of his intentions (a most lovely blush had spread itself over her face when she spoke of her husband), but so far from expecting what he was just about to say, she had thrown him back in his progress more than once — she did not seem to be expecting anything. "And yet, I have said a good deal," he reflected; "I have let her know that I expect to inspire no romantic love, and do not pretend to be in love with her. I come forward admiring, trusting, and preferring her to any other woman; though I cannot come as a lover to her feet." He began to talk again. Emily was a little startled to find him in a few minutes alluding to his domestic discomforts, and his intention of standing for the borough. He had now a little red box in his hand, and when she said, "John, I wish you would not stand there," he came and sat nearly opposite to her, and showed her what was in it — his father's diamond ring. She remembered it, no doubt; he had just had the diamond reset. Emily took out the ring, and laid it in her palm. "It looks small," she said. "I should not have thought it would fit you, John."

"Will you let me try if it will fit you?" he answered; and, before she had recovered from her surprise, he had put it on her finger.

There was a very awkward pause, and then she drew it off. "You can hardly expect me," she said, and her hand trembled a little, "to accept such a very costly present." It was not her reason for returning it, but she knew not what to say.

"I would not ask it," he replied, "un-

less I could offer you another. I desire to make you my wife. I beg you to accept my hand."

"Accept your hand! What, now? directly? to-day?" she exclaimed almost piteously, and tears trembled on her eyelashes.

"Yes," he answered, repeating her words with something like ardour. "Now, directly, to-day. I am sorely in want of a wife, and would fain take you home as soon as the bans would let me. Emily?"

"Why you have been taking all possible pains to let me know that you do not love me in the least, and that, as far as you foresee, you do not mean to love me," she answered, two great tears falling on his hand when he tried to take hers. "John! how dare you!"

She was not naturally passionate, but startled now into this passionate appeal, she snatched away her hand, rose in haste, and drew back from him with flashing eyes and a heaving bosom; but all too soon the short relief she had found in anger was quenched in tears that she did not try to check. She stood and wept, and he, very pale and very much discomfited, sat before her in his place.

"I beg your pardon," he presently said, not in the least aware of what this really meant. "I beg—I entreat your pardon. I scarcely thought—forgive my saying it—I scarcely thought, considering our past—and—and—my position, as the father of a large family, that you would have consented to any wooing in the girl and boy fashion. You make me wish, for once in my life—yes, very heartily wish, that I had been less direct, less candid," he added rather bitterly. "I thought"—here Emily heard him call himself a fool—"I thought you would approve it."

"I do," she answered with a great sobbing sigh. Oh, there was nothing more for her to say; she could not entreat him now to let her teach him to love her. She felt, with a sinking heart, that if he took her words for a refusal, and by no means a gentle one, it could not be wondered at.

Presently he said, still looking amazed and pale, for he was utterly unused to a woman's tears, and as much agitated now in a man's fashion as she was in hers,—

"If I have spoken earlier in your widowhood than you approve, and it displeases you, I hope you will believe that

I have always thought of you as a wife to be admired above any that I ever knew."

"My husband loved me," she answered, drying her eyes, now almost calmly. She could not say she was displeased on his account, and when she looked up she saw that John Mortimer had his hat in his hand. Their interview was nearly over.

"I cannot lose you as a friend," he said, and his voice faltered.

"Oh no; no, dear John."

"And my children are so fond of you."

"I love them; I always shall."

He looked at her for a moment, doubtful whether to hold out his hand. "Forget this, Emily, and let things be as they have been heretofore between us."

"Yes," she answered, and gave him her hand.

"Good-bye," he said, and stooped to kiss it, and was gone.

From *The Athenæum*.

PROF. CAIRNES.

HARDLY more than two years have passed since the greatest of modern political economists died at Avignon, and last Monday the clouds were laid at Willesden over all that could be buried of the greatest of his disciples. The first loss came as a terrible shock to those who knew and valued Mr. Mill's services to the world as a thinker and teacher; for, though he had reached the age of sixty-seven, no one could have anticipated, till within a few days of his death, that there were not many years of life and work before him. The second loss can have surprised no one who was at all acquainted with the state of Mr. Cairnes's health during the last three years. He has died at the age of fifty-one, when his ripe mind seemed fitted to render services to the world which would far surpass all the excellent work he had already done; yet surely there is not one of all the friends who loved him who could have wished that his bodily agonies should be prolonged even one day longer for the sake of any public good that might issue from his life. His death, when a kindlier fate might have enabled him to work on bravely and worthily for many years longer—long enough, at any rate, to complete that splendid scheme for the exposition of his favourite science on which his heart was set—is a cruel blow to the

world; but it must almost be welcomed as putting an end to the physical sufferings that, if overwork induced them in the first instance, were only rendered tolerable by heroic persistence in overwork.

John Elliot Cairnes was born at Drogheda in 1824. His father was a brewer in that town, and he began life with the intention of carrying on his father's business. He chose, however, to give himself a much more thorough education than was necessary to success in the family calling. He matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and supplemented the business occupations of the day by close and constant study in the evening. Thus were laid the seeds of the malady that has caused his premature death. When the time came for him to decide whether he should slacken his studies or husband his strength by transferring to the day-time some of the work that had hitherto encroached on the night-hours, he chose the latter course—to the extent, at least, of quitting the brewery and devoting himself wholly to a student's life, though he seems thereby rather to have augmented his opportunities of intellectual work than to have supplemented them with the needful amount of rest and leisure. To this course he appears to have been partly induced by home discomforts, growing out of convictions on theological matters which separated him more and more widely from the somewhat narrow Protestantism that opposed itself to the dominant Catholicism of Drogheda. He settled down in Dublin, having taken his bachelor's degree in 1848; and in 1854, after a somewhat long interval, and at a somewhat mature age, he "commenced" as master of arts. It is worth remembering that the year in which he took his B.A. degree was the year in which Mr. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" appeared, "Some Unsettled Questions in Political Economy" having been published four years before. Mr. Cairnes made a careful study of law, and was called to the Irish bar; but political economy was his favourite pursuit, and he was able to consider it under all the new light that Mr. Mill had thrown on the subject, and in all the new bearings that Mr. Mill had suggested. His shrewd observation of all that was going on around him, his quick apprehension of all the deep problems involved even in occurrences that seemed trivial, and his power of discussing them at once with humour and with sobriety, eminently fitted him to be a journalist of the high-

est type, and he became a valued and, we believe, a frequent contributor to the most important and influential of the Protestant newspapers published in Ireland. He was a conspicuous member, moreover, of the more intellectual circles of Dublin society, then presided over by Archbishop Whately, whose great liberality of opinion on religious and social affairs was not less remarkable than his kindly interest in every young man of talent who came in his way. Mr. Cairnes became one of Whately's favourites, and in late years he took pleasure, when the current of conversation suggested it, not only in testifying to the good old archbishop's sterling qualities as a man, but also in quoting from memory many of his witticisms which have never appeared among the published Whateliana.

Why Whately should have taken as much interest as he did in political economy, which he proposed to darken with the new name of "catallactics," and the scope and purport of which he limited to "inquiry into the nature, production, and distribution of wealth, not its connection with virtue and happiness," it is hard to understand, unless this was due to his accidental appointment as professor of the science at Oxford in 1829; but he had that interest, and gave solid proof of it immediately after he was made archbishop, by endowing, in the University of Dublin, a Whately professorship of political economy, tenable for five years. The first professor whom he appointed, in 1832, was Mr. Isaac Butt; the second, in 1837, was the present Judge Lawson; the sixth, in 1857, was Mr. Cairnes. In that last appointment he showed excellent judgment, and by it he enabled, or perhaps forced, Mr. Cairnes to take a much more prominent position among public teachers than his own modesty might otherwise have allowed. It was a condition of the Whately professorship that at least one of each year's lectures should be published within the year. Mr. Cairnes published, or rather the archbishop published for him, not one lecture, but the whole opening course of six. This work was "The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy," which was lately republished with sufficiently important additions to make it a new book, and which was reviewed at some length in our columns only three weeks ago. We do not propose here to review it again; but it is important to note the contents of the original volume, as they precisely indicate the position taken up by Mr.

Cairnes at the commencement of his public life, if so quiet and unobtrusive a life can be regarded as having ever been a public one. The first lecture was on "The Character, Objects, and Limits of Political Economy;" the second, on "The Mental and Physical Premises of Political Economy, and the Logical Character of the Doctrines thence Deduced;" the third, on "The Logical Method of Political Economy;" the fourth, on "The Solution of an Economic Problem, and the Degree of Perfection of which it is Susceptible;" the fifth, on "The Malthusian Doctrine of Population;" the sixth, on "The Theory of Rent."

Mr. Cairnes differed from all his predecessors in finally and completely discarding the old notion that political economy is a cut-and-dried science, — a system for laying down, in certain departments, the laws of human action from which men may, or may not, legitimately depart, but from which they cannot depart with the sanction of political economy. He sought, throughout his working years, to bring the principles of political economy to bear upon all the great political and social questions of the day, or, perhaps we should rather say, to see whether and how far economic principles could be brought to bear upon them. Mr. Mill showed how broad could be the sympathies and how deep the philanthropy of a rigid political economist; Mr. Cairnes how, not the dominion, but the influence of political economy could be wisely extended into the region of human sympathies and the methods of philanthropy. Regarded from this point of view, there was remarkable consistency in all Mr. Cairnes's work as a teacher and writer. Seventeen or eighteen years ago the Australian gold discoveries gave new and very practical importance to the question as to the effect of an increased supply of the metal used as a standard of value upon the market value of all other commodities; and he contributed to *Fraser* a series of articles, based, we believe, upon lectures previously given in Dublin, in which the question was exhaustively and philosophically treated. His views, ridiculed and controverted by many critics, were at once adopted by the men most competent to gauge them, and subsequent events have proved their entire correctness. Much more general attention was excited, however, by a work that grew out of the last course of lectures delivered by him in 1861 to the Dublin students. "The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and Probable De-

signs," was published in the spring of 1862, and soon ran into a second edition, to be quickly re-issued in the United States, and to be at once singled out, from the mass of ephemeral literature provoked by the American civil war, as a solid and most masterly exposition of the problems therein involved. It was based on the assumption, not then much recognized, that, not the question of tariffs or anything else, but, as he said, "slavery is at the bottom of this quarrel, and that on its determination depends whether the power which derives its strength from slavery shall be set up with enlarged resources and increased prestige, or be now once for all effectually broken." But the great value of the work was in the close and overwhelming arguments by which slavery was shown to be an uneconomical institution, not only in the conventional but yet more in the scientific sense of the term; to involve excessive and deplorable waste of the materials of production as well as to be utterly indefensible in a moral aspect. Here Mr. Cairnes was able to give most important application to his special view as to the functions of political economy. He brought slavery within the range of science, and, subjecting it to a new standard, weighed it carefully, and conclusively proved it to be altogether wanting.

Before "The Slave Power" was published, his five years' tenure of the Whately professorship had come to an end; but he had immediately afterwards been appointed professor of political economy and jurisprudence at Queen's College, Galway. While there, the direct work attached to his office was more onerous and responsible than at Dublin. But the indirect work that devolved upon him was more tedious and more important. He had long ago, perhaps under Whately's guidance, arrived at strong convictions on the question of Irish education, and he laboured with unflinching energy as the defender and promoter of the system of united and unsectarian education in accordance with which the Queen's University had been established. The "Thoughts on University Reform," lately republished in his volume of "Political Essays," and the other pamphlets, essays, and letters, that issued from his pen at this time, very clearly and boldly set forth his opinions on the subject.

He found time for other work as well. It may not seem a great undertaking to prepare a lecture for a Young Men's Christian Association; but the lecture

that in 1864 he delivered to the Society bearing that name on "Colonization and Colonial Government" shows nearly as deep and thorough a study of one of the most complicated political problems of the present day as does the lecture, delivered two years before to the same Society, on "The Revolution in America," containing, as that did, the pith of the opinions that had fuller expression in "The Slave Power." In 1866, moreover, he began to embody the results of other careful study and close reflection in a work on the industrial condition of Ireland, of which he said, "The practical aim was to lead up to a discussion of the land question, then pressing for solution." But "the work was interrupted by ill health," and so much of it as he had been able to write was only published in 1873, under the title of "Fragments on Ireland," as a contribution towards the discussion that has yet to be fairly entered upon when reformers are ready to carry on the work very partially begun by the Irish Land Act of 1870. "There are few questions," he said, "which can arise in the course of legislation for Ireland — even if we could consider the Irish land problem as definitively settled — which do not require for their intelligent discussion a constant reference to the crisis through which the country has recently passed, as well as a correct apprehension of the nature and direction of the economical forces now shaping its industrial career." When the discussion begins, Prof. Cairnes's statement of some of these economical forces will be found to be of a value quite disproportionate to the number of pages that it fills.

Ill health thus checked him, nearly ten years ago, in an undertaking of great importance, in which, as an Irishman and an economist, he proposed, following the rule of his life, to bring the questions of deepest moment in his country within the cognizance of political economy. Ill health checked other work. Overwork, as we have already observed, began to tell upon a not very robust constitution in his early studious years. He could not keep from overwork; but he sought to counteract its bad effects by taking plenty of out-door exercise. Hunting was his favourite pastime, and, as he thought, his chief safeguard. But it proved otherwise. A fall from his horse did serious injury to one of his legs, and thus his constitutional weakness was localized and intensified in the injured part until the painful malady spread from

one limb to the whole body, and he gradually became altogether crippled. Throughout ten years he fought bravely against disease, but it slowly mastered him, and, during these ten years, all the work he did was done amid ever-increasing difficulties, and, at length, amid agonies that would have been intolerable to a man less resolved to do all the good work that it could be possible for him to do.

He was an invalid when, in 1866, he was appointed professor of political economy in University College, London; but he did not despair of recovery, and looked forward to a life of greater usefulness in the metropolis, where also he could find relaxation in more congenial society than Galway or even Dublin afforded. For a few years he was a prominent member of the Political Economy Club. It was with no slight pain to him, in addition to the bodily pain that harassed him, that he was forced gradually to withdraw from all social intercourse that could not be brought within the circle of his own quiet home. Desiring to do much more hard work, he had only strength to write occasional articles in the magazines and newspapers, and to prepare the lectures which all who had the good fortune to attend his classes will always remember as rich stores of profound teaching, put forth with extraordinary clearness and simplicity. In the winter of 1868-9, he was obliged, leaving a substitute, to forego even those lectures, and to seek improvement of his health by a long holiday in Italy and the south of France. Coming back, he lectured on for three years more, and, during the last year, it may be noticed, one excellent result issued from his bad health. Our readers will remember that, a few years ago, an important movement was set on foot for supplying ladies anxious for "higher education" with lectures from the professors of University College, and in this movement Prof. Cairnes took a hearty interest from the beginning. There was, at first, no thought of the lectures being given within the college walls, and we believe that even many of those who initiated the plan would have shrunk in alarm from such a dangerous proximity of the sexes. To the syllabus of Mr. Cairnes's college lectures for 1871-2, however, was appended this note: "By special permission of the council, ladies are admitted to this class." Mr. Cairnes had not strength for two concurrent classes; but

he would not give up his women-pupils. Therefore, he was allowed to have young men and young women in the same classroom; and when, at the end of the session, it was found not only that no mischief had resulted, but also that a young woman was at the head of the examination-list, and had carried off the prize in political economy, the practice was continued in the same class, and is being now extended to others. Thus, the first step that has hitherto been taken in England towards the encouragement of mixed education is due to Prof. Cairnes, though partly only brought about by the unfortunate accident of his broken health.

His health was altogether broken in the spring of 1872. He was forced to resign his post at University College, and to content himself, instead of continuing to take an active part in collegiate education, with the barren title, albeit welcome to him as a grateful testimony to his abilities as a teacher, of emeritus professor of political economy. In 1873 that compliment was followed by the bestowal, quite unsolicited, upon him by the University of Dublin of the degree of doctor of laws. Henceforth, all the work he could do had to be done in his enforced retirement at Blackheath, his amanuensis being the brave and patient wife who did so much in every way to lighten the burden of his life.

That work, however, was very considerable. Two volumes, "Political Essays" and "Essays in Political Economy" which he published in 1873, did not involve much labour, as they were mainly composed of reprinted articles and lectures, or of papers written long before, though not hitherto printed. But each volume contained some fresh matter, the most important essay being on "The Present Position of the Irish University Question." Mr. Cairnes next set himself to re-arrange his notes of lectures delivered at University College, and to put in writing the main conclusions at which he had arrived in correction or in extension of the teachings of his predecessors on certain points. The work grew in his hands, however, and "Some Leading Principles in Political Economy newly Expounded" came to be a far more exhaustive treatise than at starting he could have hoped to make it.

Into the privacy of the heroic life and the lingering death amid which all this later work was done we have no right to enter. If ever that history is written by

a competent hand, the world will learn to what height and dignity modern stoicism in its purest and noblest form can reach. This thing is not valued nowadays. A man may work and suffer for others, and those others take or reject the work, but think little of the sufferer. There is some small consolation in the thought that it was not altogether so in this case. Such homage as is rare in these bustling times was paid to Prof. Cairnes during these last years, and, though he never recognized it as homage, it was grateful to him. Selfish motives may have prompted most of the pilgrims who journeyed down to Blackheath, as they knew that there they could get better help towards putting sound thoughts into their books, or newspaper articles, their speeches in Parliament, or their college lectures, as well as all their plans of life, than would elsewhere be obtained. They knew, too, that the excellent judgment on which they relied would be joined in the expression with so much wit and humour that they were tempted to forget the pain of the sufferer in the pleasure derived from his conversation. But they also went because they knew that the sufferer's pain was alleviated by the consciousness that he was not altogether debarred from the outside world,—that he could take part not only in the private interests of his friends, but also in their public work. To live as useful a life as possible was his great ambition. To feel that it was growing useless was his heaviest trouble, heavier than the physical pain that he endured. He did not know how useful his life was to the very last. Still less, perhaps, was it possible for a man so imbued with the modesty of genius, so entirely free from every sort of arrogance or self-conceit, to know how useful might be the issue of that life after welcome death had put an end to his sufferings.

From Land and Water.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

THE Esquimaux are in the habit of catching sharks both with nets, baited with salt meat, and with a hook and line. They are hunted for the sake of the oil which is expressed from their livers, and for a substance very much like spermaceti, which is obtained under pressure from their flesh. Sir Leopold M^cClintock says the Esquimaux assert

that the shark is insensible to pain, and that Petersen, who was his interpreter in the voyage of the "Fox" related how he had plunged a long knife into the head of one which was feeding on a white whale entangled in his net, but that the brute continued its repast notwithstanding. As Sir Leopold remarks, it must be remembered that the brain of a shark is extremely small compared with the size of its huge head, and he says that he himself has seen bullets fired through them with very little apparent effect, but that if these creatures can feel, the devices practised upon them by the Esquimaux must be cruel indeed. The dogs of the hunters are not allowed to eat either the skin or the head, the former being very rough, and the latter producing giddiness and sickness.

As we have mentioned above, the cetaceans are hardly fish, for in many respects they may be classed with land-animals, since they produce their young alive and nourish it by giving it suck; their skin is smooth, and in some cases covered with hair, not scaly like that of fish; their blood too is warm, and their flesh tastes something like beef. Being also provided with a heart, ventricles, and lungs, they cannot, as fish can through their gills, separate the air from the water, and therefore must come to the surface to breathe. Still they can inhale sufficient air to last them for a long time under water, and herein they differ from land animals. They are, too, provided with fins and tails, and though these are not exactly similar to those of fish, still they are used in somewhat the same manner. But they differ from both fish and beast in having a layer of fat called blubber, varying in thickness up to ten inches, which more frequently exudes from them when wounded in the water than blood does. This blubber, under pressure, yields its own bulk of oil, and is used in the latter state by the Esquimaux to light their huts and cook their food. Frozen bits of blubber in thin slices are esteemed a great delicacy among these people, though it takes some time before an English palate becomes used to such a *bonne bouche*.

The largest of these cetaceans is the whale, of which species the spermaceti whale is the biggest. It is found, indeed, off the coasts of North America, but is more common in the Antarctic than in the Arctic regions. The great Greenland whale is the one most sought for by the whalers of Baffin's Bay, for be-

sides being commoner, it yields a much greater amount of oil, though that of a spermaceti whale, as its name implies, is mixed with the substance called spermaceti, and is therefore the more valuable. Besides this, ambergris is also obtained from the spermaceti whale. The razor-back whale is also much larger than the great Greenland whale, and is a very powerful monster, so much so that the Arctic hunters, as a rule, fight shy of it. There are various other kinds of whale of a smaller description, among which we may mention the broad-nosed whale, the beaked whale, and the finner, which are sometimes found off Norway and Shetland, but as they do not yield much oil, they are not thought worth the killing. The white whale is so shy an animal that it can seldom be killed with either a rifle-ball or harpoon, and is therefore generally captured by means of a net. At that part of Baffin's Bay, however, where the Clay River runs in and greatly discolours the water, turning it into a thick, muddy colour, great success is said to attend the white-whale fishing in the autumn when these animals migrate southwards, having been north evidently to breed, as they return accompanied by numbers of young "calves." As whales live on sea-blubber, they are generally found in the green water. In winter they go south, but where is unknown.

Narwhals, or sea-unicorns, so called from the horn which projects from the upper jaw, are seen in great numbers in Baffin's Bay during certain seasons, especially just before they begin to travel northwards in March. Their flesh is considered a great luxury by the Esquimaux, as also is the skin, which acts as an anti-scorbutic. The object of the horn is a disputed point, for while its point is too blunt for offence, it is well polished for about four inches, and the rest usually covered with slime and seaweed, so that it is conjectured that it must be employed either to root up food from the bottom of the sea, or else to drive out small fish from the clefts and fissures of floating ice, where they take refuge when pursued by their enemy the narwhal. As the mode of catching the whale has been so often described, we do not propose now entering upon it, especially as we would rather touch upon the manner of capturing the walrus and seals, which are the two chief objects of pursuit to the natives of Greenland during the winter months. Like the cetaceans, these animals, though able to take

in a sufficient quantity of air to last them for a considerable time, still have to come up occasionally to breathe, and it is this circumstance of which the hunter takes advantage. The walrus only rises at the edge of the floe in open water, and is hunted with spears, to which are attached lines carrying inflated sealskins, intended for the double purpose of impeding the animal in diving, and of preventing the loss of the spear.

The Esquimaux are so very venturesome in hunting this animal, that they will even go out on floating pieces of ice after it. The seal, however, when it can find an open piece of water, will burrow up through the ice to get to the air, making a small hole on the surface of much the same size and appearance as a mole-hill. The manner of taking them requires a considerable amount of patience and endurance, for when a hunter hears a seal at work under the ice, he first builds a snow wall, some four feet high, to protect him from the wind, and then sitting down to leeward of it, proceeds to wait for the seal to reach the surface—a weary watch, which sometimes extends to twelve hours.

When by the seal's blowing the hunter knows that it is close to the surface of the ice, he takes his spear in both hands and drives it down into the animal with all his might, having previously fastened the rope attached to it round his body. He has only then to cut away the thin ice all round to get the carcass out. Another way of killing seals is by approaching them under cover of a small white screen, mounted on a little sledge, which is pushed by the sportsman before him. In this manner they can be approached within easy shot, but of course, as in this case they must be either in the water or upon the surface of the ice, and as during the depth of winter there is little open water likely to be found near the ships—this plan will not be practicable then. In shooting them with a rifle care must be taken to hit them in the head, as otherwise they will escape under the ice if only wounded in the body. The Esquimaux practise numerous devices to attract the seals; such as scraping the ice, so as to produce a similar noise to that made by the seal with his flippers, and placing one end of a pole in the water and putting their mouths close to the other end, and making noises in imitation of those made by seals. When they are in good condition and shot instantane-

ously, they will float; but this depends upon their feeding-ground.

On one occasion, when some specially fine seals had been shot by Sir Leopold M'Clintock's party, they dredged the bottom, and found shell-fish and star-fish, and on another occasion the bellies of some splendid seals were found full of shrimps. Although the flesh of the female seal is good to eat all the year round, during March that of the male is very fetid, having a disagreeable flavour like garlic, which impregnates the whole body to such an extent that even the Esquimaux, who do not generally appear to be very choice in their food, cannot quite manage to stomach it.

From The Saturday Review.
SCRUPLES.

THERE are some things of which we should have neither too much nor too little; and among these are scruples. Unscrupulous is a term of just reproach; the unscrupulous man is dangerous in whatever capacity we have to deal with him, but the man of scruples is not therefore desirable as such. He may be eligible and deserving, but we should like him better without his scruples, for nothing is a graver barrier in social matters than obtrusive scruples which we do not share. Scruples are essentially private things; when two people agree together in an objection or an opinion, we view it in another light, and probably call it something else. Scruples represent private judgment exercising itself in small matters; that is, they appear small to common sense or to prevalent public opinion, though they are large and predominant to the scrupulous mind. Not that scruples are independent of the prevailing tone of thought in the world, but they are the means by which some persons take their share in it, and they constitute the originality of a certain class of intellect—they furnish an opportunity for that self-assertion which is a natural object with thinkers of every class and grade.

Of course virtue has scruples. The minuter duties of morality have, we may say, an equal obligation with the weightier matters of the law; but in one case public opinion is accepted as exponent and interpreter, while the scrupulous conscience owns no law but itself, and sees

no further than the letter. Honesty of the straightforward social sort agrees that it is a sin to steal a pin, but it does as it would be done by; and, holding itself justified by general usage, it takes the pin on an emergency and does not call it stealing. The scrupulous person goes pinless at the cost of being a less competent and efficient member of the body politic, but is not the less confident and satisfied. The scruples which fairly bear the character of scrupulosity are those which warp the judgment and obscure the perception of the relative importance of things. The man who is governed by them may be a guide to himself, but he is no guide for others; his conscience and his reason are not on sufficiently good terms. And it may be observed that nobody can be scrupulous all round; a pet scruple often makes a clean sweep of collateral obligations. The scrupulous temper is liable to large and eccentric omissions where the conscience is off its guard. People cannot act as members of a family or a community whose notions of private duty cover all their view and engross their attention. We live in this world in many capacities, all imposing moral duties, of which common sense has to adjust the claims where they seem conflicting; but common sense, even candid and unselfish common sense, is despised and abhorred by the mind possessed by a scruple, or regulating itself by a code of scruples. The duties that cannot be reconciled, or will not fit in, are set aside—overlooked as not of obligation. We know of a clergyman who had a scruple against reading any of the words in italics which occurred in the lessons for the day. He simply passed them over as not dictated by inspiration. It was indifferent to him that he made nonsense of the Word of God, which it was his office to set forth; he saw one side of his duty so very plainly that he saw nothing else, and we need not say was utterly unpersuadable. Nor need scruples be of this absurd type to show an equal want of grasp of the leading idea. It would appear that the capacity for a large general view is never found in conjunction with this microscopic activity of conscience. All scruples are conscientious, and carry with them a sort of religious obligation. But it depends on the character how deep this goes. Many people scruple to play a rubber who will plunge into reckless speculation without a twinge. It was a conscientious scruple which induced

Pepys, on receiving a letter and discerning money in it, to empty the letter before he read it, "that I might say I saw no money in the paper;" and this is only a type of the action of a great many scrupulous persons, who desire to profit by the consequences of a certain course of action without incurring the responsibility of it. And, short of this, scruples constantly stand in the way of an honest perception of right by stopping at the letter. A mind given to small scruples has the judgment in leading-strings, and often misses the flash of truth amid the minute questions which occupy it. Perhaps the most common form of hypocrisy is this self-deception.

But, on the other hand, it is no easy matter to settle what are scruples—that is, conscientious demurs about small things. What were treated as such at one time are afterwards discovered to be broad principles. Reformers are charged with scruples and unnecessary niceties, but the scrupulous temper which fastens naturally on minutiae is not the reforming temper. The so-called scruples of some minds have founded sects and parties, and changed the face of society. It was quoted as an absurd scruple when Lady Huntingdon, then "queen of the Methodists," having got her daughter named lady of the bedchamber to the princesses, resigned the appointment, as she would not let her play cards on Sunday. Society would not apply this term to such an objection now. Real scruples, the growth of a certain habit of mind, are not catching, we suspect; they are characteristics, though circumstances may befriend and develop them. Yet every age has its own fashion of scruples. A formula which at one period everybody accepts without doubt or hesitation, at another suggests scruples at every turn—not the same, but fitting the temper of the objector. To himself they seem original, the birth of his own questioning intellect, and in fact with a family resemblance to his own mind; but the age is responsible for this particular form. Scruples he would have had ten, twenty, or fifty years ago, but not these particular scruples. Originality is but a relative term. It is much more original, for instance, in these days, to start a difficulty about eating chickens or rabbits till the eater is satisfied that the rule of the Apostolic Church has been observed as to the manner of their killing, than to have scruples about the Thirty-nine Articles; for, to most people, the first question has been settled

for good and all, ages ago, the other is a habit of the day, and scruples are contagious.

Scruples that interfere with the easy flow of social intercourse, and induce a sense of estrangement and incongruity, will always be equally unpopular. Scruples of dress, diet, diction, precision of statement, humanity, amusement, ultra-honesty, ultra-veracity, are of this class, as setting up a higher standard than the current one.

From All the Year Round.

AN HYSTERICAL FAIR.

THAT hysteria plays a more important part in many demonstrations — physical, mental, and spiritual — than is generally supposed, will not be denied, at any rate, by medical men. Those indefinite distresses to which human nature, and especially female human nature, is more or less subjected, and which have borne at different times different names, such as the vapours, the spleen, the megrims, the nerves — and *ennui* should, perhaps, be added to the list — are nothing but varied forms of hysteria. So, again, great emotional excitements, whether produced by alarm, eagerness, or even religion, may be often traced to the same source. The wild frenzies of Bacchantes on Theban mountains; the restless dancing of Italian girls, said to have been bitten by the tarantula; the fervent jumping of some orders of Methodists; the weeping and contrition at revivals — though we do not deny for a moment that other better or worse causes may be at work simultaneously — have all a physical element of hysteria in them. Hysteria is decidedly common in India; not unfrequently amongst men, and very frequently amongst women. With the latter sex, the wearing climate may be accredited with part of the mischief, but other causes doubtless exist in early marriage, early child-bearing, seclusion, and want of air and exercise; or in the case of women in the humblest walks of life, opposite evils may operate towards the same results — over-work, insufficient nutriment, exposure to heat, etc. The somewhat violent measures occasionally resorted to may not do much harm in simply hysterical cases; but it is painful to think that, with a wholly imperfect diagnosis, remedies may be applied to actual insanity which can only tend to greatly aggravate the disease. The belief

that persons in a hysterical condition are possessed by evil spirits is universal, and superstitious cures are sought after, though in different ways, by professors of both the great religions of the land — many of the lower Hindoos resorting to magic, which may be considered as applying to the devil, while the Mussulman would seek by charms and sacred exorcisms to drive out the evil spirit.

Generations ago, two fakirs of the Mohammedan order of Kadiree started on a pilgrimage to Baghdad from their own village in North-west India, situated in the district of Jounpore, which lies between Benares and the territory of Oudh. The founder of their sect, Abdul Kadir, is buried at Baghdad, and around his mausoleum the tombs of so many mystical sheikhs have been placed, that Baghdad itself has sometimes being called the "City of the Saints." On their return journey from the shrine, which they are said to have performed backwards, the fakirs brought with them two bricks which had formed part of it, as sacred memorials, and perhaps also as testimony that they had reached the place of their destination. There was a propriety in bringing bricks, because they are associated with Abdul Kadir's fame as a saint; for on one occasion when he was praying the devil appeared to him disguised as an angel of light, and told him that, on account of his great piety, God would henceforth absolve him from the necessity of prayer; but Abdul Kadir was not to be deceived, and without hesitation began hurling bricks at the deceitful visitant, under which treatment he presently disappeared, and the temptation was thus got rid of.

The fakirs deposited the bricks near their own village, and built a cupola over them. The shrine is called Ghouspore, and the bricks are shown to this day, and are objects of veneration.

An annual fair is held at the place, on the day of the death of Abdul Kadir, but as it is fixed by the Mohammedan calendar, and the Mohammedan year is a lunar one, the commemoration goes round through all the seasons. A large concourse of people always assembles, and the speciality of the occasion is the exorcism of evil spirits; in other words, the empirical cure of hysterical persons. Sacrifices are performed before the shrine by Mohammedans; and the Hindoos, who have an Athenian catholicity in their respect for all gods, known or unknown, cast flowers there or offer sweetmeats

and fruits. A recent visitor relates as follows: "Around the tomb I saw some hundred women, and perhaps thirty men, with a few children, sitting on the ground, wagging their heads, shivering, weeping, and screaming. Their relatives were waiting on them. Some women had thrown off their ornaments, or had broken them. The friends of other of the women held them by the hair of their head, and called upon them to disclose the name of the demon who possessed them. The afflicted themselves would shout out as if addressing their tormentors, and would ask for what sacrificial inducement, or at what price, they would depart. It was a very wild scene. The custodians of the shrine, who may rightly be called priests, though they do not represent any distinct sacerdotal order, moved about, fumigating the possessed with incense, and accompanied by musicians beating loudly on drums. Sacred exorcisms were pronounced, papers with efficacious formulæ written on them were burnt under the noses of the afflicted, their hair was pulled, or, in obstinate cases, their bodies were well belaboured with drumsticks. The fervour with which one man assisted the exorcists with his private cane, in their endeavours to relieve a female, seemed to indicate the concealed payment of an old domestic score. Such virtue as belonged to the locality itself was said to extend as far as the point to which the beating of the drums could be heard."

A girl named Dulhir, who had recovered from her affection, thus related her experience. "Her demon," she said, "came from a lake named Dal, in Kashmir, and was travelling southward when he was unlucky enough to meet a person wearing an armlet, on which was inscribed the Holy Name. Fire issued out of the centre, and would have consumed the evil spirit, but he adroitly jumped down a well. The unfortunate girl Dulhir happened to be drawing water at the

very time: the demon saw her, and remaining quiet all the day, tracked her home at night. From that moment she was possessed. Her visit to the shrine was, however quite successful. It was lighted at the time, and the effulgence gradually overcame her tyrannical incumbent, and in the end he left her perfectly free from ailment and distress. Whilst he was departing, however, she lay on the ground, writhing her body, and striking the dusty road with her hands."

A story was told at the place of a woman who had been brought there, whose malady was displayed by her reading Arabic. Even as she sat at the tomb, she contrived to recite, as she perused, passages in a celebrated poem attributed to the pen of Abdul Kadir himself. A sudden voice from within the shrine commanded her to desist, and she returned to her home, cured and illiterate.

It would be a comical sight in this London of ours, if we could have a pen at one of the fancy fairs filled with all the hysterical people: the old ladies who shriek if their parrot has a fit, or their lap-dog is threatened with asthma; the gushing spinsters whose eyes brim with delicious brine, and whose noses instinctively flutter towards the smelling-bottle when their popular preacher dilates on the transcendental poetry of the unseen; the habitual invalids who have their sinkings and their sighings, their nerves and their nips; the hypochondriacs who weigh themselves after eating, analyze their drinking-water, and go to bed when the wind is in the east; the young gentlemen who languish through their lyric verse, drink in the moonlight, talk æsthetical criticism, and go into ecstasies over "the sustained treble of a Limoges plate," or the delicate harmony of "a serenade in blues." Really, perhaps, the drumsticks might be found a salutary remedy for each and all!

DOMINICA, which was formerly one of the chief coffee-producing countries, has of late years almost entirely ceased to grow the plant. The capabilities of the island, however, are apparently so great, not only for the cultivation of coffee, but also for many other food products, that the attention of the authorities has been directed to the matter, and the result is that Mr. Prestoe, of the Botanic Gar-

dens, Trinidad, has been commissioned to examine and report on the prospects of the island generally, and the best means of developing its resources. We anxiously await the details of Mr. Prestoe's report upon an island so fertile and beautiful as Dominica, but which has, no doubt, through want of European capital and energy, been allowed to drift almost into an unprofitable waste.